

# HUMORISTS OF THE PENCIL

ILLUSTRATED  
BY THEMSELVES



J. HAMMERTON

1187





## HUMORISTS OF THE PENCIL



*Drawn by E. T. REED.*

*[By permission of "Pun.h."]*

**UNRECORDED HISTORY.**

George Washington trying to tell a lie.

# HUMORISTS OF THE PENCIL

BY  
J. A. HAMMERTON

WITH EIGHTY-SIX ILLUSTRATIONS  
BY THE LEADING HUMOROUS ARTISTS OF THE DAY

LONDON  
HURST AND BLACKETT, LIMITED  
182, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.

1905

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## PREFACE.

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THERE is little need to point out what will presently be quite obvious—that this work is designed not so much for the connoisseur, as for the “general reader.” Only in a little way is its purpose critical; to entertain is its chief object. The author has long been a student of pen draughtsmanship—especially of the humorous order—and as the extraordinary development of pictorial journalism during the last two decades has brought forth remarkable evidence of talent for humorous design among British artists, it will be allowed that some slight account of the men who are doing notable work in this branch of art may be of some value to the general public, who are too prone to laugh at a sketch and pass by without a thought of the man who drew it, and with no care for its artistic value.

Having confined these chapters to living humorists, only incidentally has one been able to mention the draughtsmanship of such masters of the near past as Randolph Caldecott, Charles Keene, George Du Maurier, and Phil May, whose legacies of work are now chiefly for the student, since artists rarely secure a posthumous popularity comparable with that of an author.

The writer is fortunate in being able to print so many admirable examples of contemporary humorous art, and the gallery of personal caricatures, drawn especially for him by the different artists in most cases, forms a collection as unique as it is amusing.



## Preface

The names of several popular draughtsmen will be missing ; but it is to be understood that no attempt has been made to include every worker whose pencil adds to the gaiety of our pictorial press ; that would have entailed a book of several times this size, which would at once have taken the work beyond its aim. The author has to express his great indebtedness to the editors of the various journals that have permitted him to reproduce their copyright pictures, each of which is acknowledged to its source. Naturally in this connection his greatest obligation is to Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew and Co., the proprietors of *Punch*, whose lively pages have yielded him so many happy examples of modern humorous art, and whose courtesy he warmly appreciates. The proprietors of *The Sketch*, *Pick-Me-Up*, *The Graphic*, *The Tatler*, *Black and White*, the *Strand Magazine*, the *Westminster Gazette*, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the *Weekly Telegraph*, Messrs. Chapman and Hall, Mr. William Heinemann, the Cynicus Publishing Company, and others have kindly assisted by granting the use of their copyrights. In most cases the pictures have been reproduced from the original drawings and not from prints ; and many of the subjects have been chosen by the artists themselves.

J. A. H.

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# Humorists of the Pencil.



## I.

### Linley Sambourne.



F. LINLEY SAMBOURNE.  
(Drawn by himself.)

Now that Sir John Tenniel has laid down his pencil, there is no English artist who surpasses Mr. Edward Linley Sambourne as a master of the cartoonist's art. He is one of the most consummate draughtsmen who work in black and white, and though achieving the very perfection of line and form, he has, at the same time, expressed himself in a manner so individual as to be quite inimitable. His work is

assured of a unique and permanent place in English art, and it is but natural that the methods of the artist are utterly different from those of all his contemporaries, though they are equally opposed to one's conception of them, judged solely by his finished drawings. Of this, in due course; meanwhile, let us glance at the career of Mr. Punch's famous cartoonist.

## Humorists of the Pencil

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Edward Linley Sambourne was born in London, on January 4, 1845, the son of a prosperous city merchant, and after receiving his education at the City of London School and Chester College, he was apprenticed to a firm of marine engineers at Greenwich, when sixteen years of age. It is difficult to imagine any craft less likely than mechanical designing to draw out in its pursuit the fairy-like fancies and unflinching sense of beauty which are the distinguishing features of Mr. Sambourne's art. But it is still harder to believe, with some of his cartoons before us, that beyond attending a "life" class for scarcely a fortnight, Mr. Sambourne never had any training in draughtsmanship. "He had no other teachers than his own eyes and his own intelligence," says a distinguished critic. This, of course, is a condition one is constantly meeting with in studying the lives of famous artists, but while the fact is not surprising, even in the case of so wonderful a draughtsman as the late Phil May, it is less easy to reconcile with the austere classical style of Mr. Sambourne's work.

No one with anything approaching the artistic gifts of Mr. Sambourne could have worn out his life designing engines, marine or otherwise, and we take it for granted that he found his apprenticeship somewhat irksome. But it was by a curious chain of circumstances that he discovered a way of escape from his uncongenial occupation and took up at one stroke his life-work. An office friend of his was the son of the late German Reed, who, securing one of the fanciful sketches wherein young Sambourne sought distraction from the dull routine of the drawing-office, showed it to his father. Mark Lemon, the first editor of *Punch*,



## Linley Sambourne



[Punch.

"DRESSED CRAB."

was a friend of Reed's, and was at that time writing an "entertainment" for this popular actor-musician. To him Reed submitted the sketch, with the result that Lemon immediately summoned the young artist to contribute to *Punch*, and in April, 1867, Mr. Sambourne made his first appearance in the pages of that journal with a sketch of John Bright tilting at a quintain, and entitled "Pros and Cons." From that day to this Mr. Sambourne has continued to exercise his pencil on behalf of Mr. Punch, but he had to wait nearly four years before he was elected to a seat at the historic Table.

It must not be supposed that although, in the best sense of the term, a "born artist," Mr. Sambourne has always drawn

## Humorists of the Pencil

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so well as he has done during the last fifteen or twenty years. Unlike Phil May, some of whose earliest work was as good as his last, and who was truly a child of genius, Mr. Sambourne, by a system of self-training more elaborate and refined, and more stringent than any imposed in the schools, slowly and steadily brought his art to that stage of perfection it long since attained. Mr. Spielmann remarks in this connection that when Mark Lemon declared on seeing the first sketch by Mr. Sambourne, that the young draughtsman had a great future before him, "he proved himself possessed of a faculty of critical insight, or of an easy-going artistic conscience, uncommon even among editors. Few who saw Mr. Linley Sambourne's early work, even throughout the first two or three years of his practice, would have imagined that behind those wood-cuts, for all their cleverness, there lay power and even genius, or that the man himself would soon come to be regarded as one of the greatest masters of pure line of his time." But this only goes to prove that our artist is one who has shown himself throughout his long and brilliant career imbued with the highest ideals of his art, labouring assiduously, and with almost incredible pains, towards mastership of technique. His work, however, has gained immensely by the change in methods of reproduction from wood-engraving to photo-etching, the latter direct and simple process of reproducing a drawing having enabled him to indulge in the fullest measure of delicate and suggestive detail.

There is probably no living artist whose handiwork has been so closely and constantly studied by his fellow craftsmen as that of Mr. Sambourne—none whom contemporary artists more

## Linley Sambourne

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HUNTING SKETCH.

[Punch.]

The Lost Shoe, or Late for the Meat.

readily agree in praising. "What an extraordinary improvement there is in Sambourne's work," said Sir John Tenniel to Mr. Spielmann, a good many years ago. "Although a little hard and mechanical, it is of absolutely inexhaustible ingenuity and firmness of touch. His diploma for the Fisheries Exhibition almost gave me a headache to look at it—so full, cram-full of suggestions, yet leaving nothing to the imagination, so perfectly and completely drawn, with a certainty of touch which baffles me to understand how he does it." In this little criticism of his old colleague and successor, Sir John expresses in a very few

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words the paradoxical character of Mr. Sambourne's work ; for although it seems a contradiction to say in the one breath that a drawing can be "cram-full of suggestion," and still "leave nothing to the imagination," this is undoubtedly true of the art of Linley Sambourne. While abounding in the most exquisite detail of fancy and suggestion, and treated always in a style that can only be described as classical, his cartoons are invariably realistic in the proper sense of realism—keenly true to life.

The methods adopted by the artist to secure his results are practically those which Zola pursued in the laborious construction of his great studies of life. Never has another draughtsman invented so elaborate a system of "properties" to assist him in obtaining absolute accuracy of detail in every picture he draws. Mr. Sambourne has found the camera a most valuable instrument for providing him with "documents," and in his studio at Stafford Terrace, Kensington, he possesses an enormous collection of photographs, all carefully classified and indexed according to subjects, and presenting, in their serried and orderly ranks, an appearance of method and industry which to the old Bohemian artists of *Punch* would have been beyond all imaginings. These thousands of photographs illustrate almost every conceivable subject which Mr. Sambourne may have at a moment's notice to introduce into his drawings—"beasts, birds, and insects from the Zoo, costumes of all nations and orders of men and women, nude and draped figures, locomotives and vehicles, ships, shop-windows"—and it need scarcely be added that a constant process of revision and addition is going on, the latest models of motor-cars and

## Linley Sambourne

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fashions in dress being regularly introduced. Nearly all these photographs have been taken by Mr. Sambourne himself, and many of them show his man-servant dressed in an endless variety of costumes and in all sorts of poses to give the proper effect of draperies, etc. The trouble to which the artist goes in order to secure accuracy in the slightest detail of his work, proves that not only does he possess the genius for art, but in almost equal degree that "infinite capacity for taking pains," which is so often confused with genius itself. Mr. Spielmann writes in his "*History of Punch*" on this point: "Does he require a special uniform? he begs the War Office—not unsuccessfully—to lend him one or two men, or even a detachment; does he want to represent Mr. Gladstone—say, as Wellington? (as he did November 2, 1889) he procures the loan of the duke's own raiment, and only stops short at borrowing Mr. Gladstone himself. For his types, too, he takes pains not less thorough. For Britannia's helmet, he made working drawings of the unique Greek piece in the British Museum, and from that had a replica constructed—one of the most notable items in a notable 'property' room."

A magazine writer has induced Mr. Sambourne to give him some particulars of how he proceeds when engaged upon one of his *Punch* cartoons. It would appear that he usually "works against time" with a furtive eye on a watch suspended above his drawing-board. The idea of the cartoon is always the chief subject of discussion at the dinner of the staff on Wednesday night, and it often happens that the suggestions come from any member of the staff but the one who is to carry them out. "The idea which he has brought away with him from the *Punch* dinner

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the night before," says the writer just mentioned, "is first expressed in a rough pencil scribble. This is followed by a corrected outline, which is traced on the drawing-board. This is corrected as to details from all the available data he has regarding costumes, uniforms, etc.—studies and photographs, and the background, whatever it may be, is similarly dealt with. The artist then makes a complete outline in ink of *everything* before any shading is put in. Nothing, not even the minutest detail, is ever added after the drawing has been shaded. This is because Mr. Linley Sambourne regards the composition and the story which is to be told by details as of much more importance than the finish of the picture, when time is invariably all too short. The final picture being drawn in ink, the artist is able to rely on the different thickness or strength of line for the effect of distance and foreground."

This describes the drawing of the rough sketch and of the actual cartoon, but before the first operation, every separate object which is to come into the arrangement of the picture has been carefully thought out, and models suitably dressed have been posed and photographed in something like the attitudes which the artist desires to illustrate. Thus, when the final drawing is being made, Mr. Sambourne has before him quite a number of subsidiary sketches and photographs from which he is guided as to the effects of shading, and he believes that by thus avoiding the common practice of drawing direct from models he is able more effectively to idealise his subject. Assuredly the result justifies the means and proves once more the eternal paradox that the ideal is at bottom the essence of the real; for all of Mr. Sambourne's elaborate preliminaries are

## Linley Sambourne

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A FAMOUS "PUNCH" CARTOON.

A STRATEGIST: Russian Bear (*stily*). "Running away? Not a bit of it! I'm luring 'em on!"

## Humorists of the Pencil

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in the interests of truth, and truth *is* beauty. For instance, when he drew the celebrated cartoon entitled "The Mahogany Tree"—one of the finest examples of his work—for the jubilee number of *Punch*, showing the entire staff of that day seated around the dining-table with the editor giving the toast of the evening, he went to the trouble of having a similar table duly laid for dinner in the courtyard behind his house, "with one person seated at it in order to show the proportion, and photographed it from a window of the house at the necessary elevation."

All this indicates how seriously the artist takes his work, and although no drawings appear in *Punch* which are more instinct with confidence of line and easy perfection of touch, it is clear that to every example of his art Mr. Sambourne brings qualities which render each cartoon of his a permanent addition to the art treasures of our country. His is, indeed, the art which conceals art. Some of his cartoons have become as historic as the world-famous "Dropping the Pilot" of Sir John Tenniel, which appeared in March, 1890, on the resignation of Bismarck. Worthy to rank with that masterpiece are such noble pictures as "Vivat Emperor," showing King Edward as Emperor of India, and "Leaving the Lists," in which Sir William Harcourt, as a valiant knight, is seen retiring from the fray. In neither of these, as in many of his finest cartoons, is there evidence of humour or satire, but much of his work is charged with both of these qualities in their most refined and idealised state, while less frequently it approaches to real caricature.

As one of his literary colleagues has very happily put it, "it might be Mr. Linley Sambourne's special pride, had he any need to



## Linley Sambourne

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search for proofs of his power, that a large class of *Punch* readers would love his work if it had no meaning at all, cherishing it for sheer beauty of line. He treats both political and social subjects with the happiest dexterity ; but, if he were not satirist, his drawings would deserve a place in the pages of *Punch*—or of any other publication which conserves the high traditions of black and white work—by their unsupported quality as pictures."

Mr. Sambourne succeeded Sir John Tenniel as chief cartoonist of *Punch* on January 1, 1901 ; having for many years before that been responsible for "Cartoon Junior," as they call the second full-page cartoon, now drawn by Mr. Bernard Partridge, and sometimes by Mr. Raven-Hill.

## II.

### Harry Furniss.



*Harry Furniss*

(By himself.)

WHEN one comes to write of Mr. Harry Furniss it is difficult to consider the subject as confined to one man. It used to be hinted vaguely that Andrew Lang was the style of a literary syndicate, so varied and numerous were the works appearing over that name; but by comparison it might be suggested that Harry Furniss is a large and flourishing public company. Caricaturist, illustrator of books, novelist, journalist, popular entertainer = Harry Furniss! That is a sum in simple addition, yet seldom has such remarkable versatility been contained in one person.

Mr. Furniss began his varied life in most appropriate fashion, by having for father a Yorkshireman, a Scotswoman for his mother, and being born in Ireland, which event took place on the 26th of March, 1854. If ever there was an artist who started his profession in the early years of boyhood it was Harry Furniss. He seems to have taken to drawing as naturally as a fish to swimming, and his genius is equally a gift direct from mother

## Harry Furniss

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[From "Poverty Bay,"

"THE BIGGEST GAMBLER IN ENGLAND."

nature. Although as a lad he attended certain art schools in Dublin, including the Life School of the Hibernian Academy, we have it on his own authority that he derived small benefit from any teaching he received, and that he is to be regarded as entirely self-taught. But the unfailing accuracy of his draughtsmanship bears witness that he has been a careful student under his own mastership; and with true instinct for the beauty of line, an eye for character and a buoyant humour, he has worked out his own

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artistic salvation in a way that commands the admiration of the most critical.

Surely it is more than a coincidence that one whose name was to acquire world-wide celebrity in association with that of *Punch*, should have amused himself as a boy by producing a manuscript journal entitled *The Schoolboy's Punch*, which he edited, wrote, and illustrated himself? It was also in the field of caricature that, at an earlier age than any of his contemporaries, he became a professional worker. He was only some sixteen years old when he was engaged to draw for *Zozimus*, a periodical edited by A. M. Sullivan, and rejoicing in the sub-title of "The Irish Punch." Before he was seventeen young Furniss was producing all sorts of illustrations, accepting any kind of work that was offered to him, including the illustration of books. At nineteen he bade good-bye to his Dublin friends and invaded London, where he was forthwith employed on *London Society*, then flourishing and edited by the late Florence Marryat. His progress was rapid, and both with pen and pencil he speedily made his way among the Bohemian crowds of workers competing for employment on the press of thirty years ago.

During the first year of Mr. Furniss's life in London *Punch* was edited by Tom Taylor, who, having seen some of the young artist's sketches in *Zozimus*, suggested that he might submit subjects for the real and original Mr. Punch. This, young Furniss accordingly did; but he was rather dismayed to find that while his drawings were returned his ideas were sometimes carried out by members of the staff and duly appeared in the pages of *Punch*, a charge which has never been remotely suggested during the long

## Harry Furniss

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(From "Poverty Bay.")

"TWO NEW SILK HATS."

editorship of Sir Francis Burnand. Thus he made no further effort to associate himself with the leading comic journal during Taylor's editorship, and was well content with the laurels he was earning as a contributor to many important papers, especially to the *Illustrated London News*, until, on Sir Francis Burnand's succeeding to the editorial chair, he was invited to become a regular contributor.

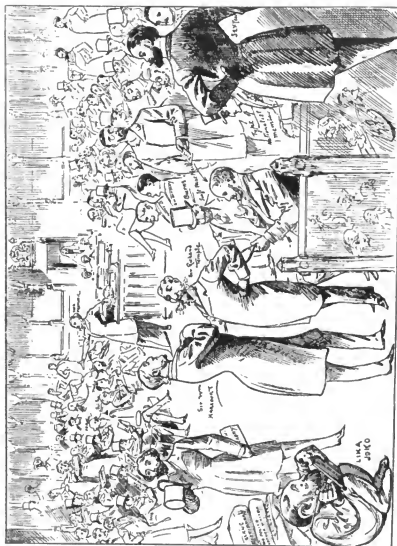
Mr. Furniss was twenty-six years of age at the time his first drawing, a skit on the Temple Bar dragon, appeared in *Punch*

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in October of 1880. Thus began a connection which, lasting for close on fourteen years, proved of the highest importance both to the artist and the paper he served. Soon after joining the staff he was told off to illustrate the "Essence of Parliament," which Mr. H. W. Lucy took up and infused with a new and gay humour on the death of Tom Taylor. Mr. Furniss's parliamentary satires during those years became—it is not too much to say—a vital factor in the political life of the time. With the true spirit of caricature he depicted for the delectation of the public all the notabilities of Westminster, and the irresponsible antics of his pencil created many traditions of character which were intended by the artist to further his political propaganda—for he has always been a keen politician. Mr. Gladstone's collars acquired at the hands of the caricaturist a notoriety to which the real articles did not aspire, as the great statesman did not affect neck-gear of unusual dimensions ; but this was the amusing device of the artist for emphasising Gladstone's habit of sinking his chin into his collar while sitting in deep or gloomy thought. Sir William Harcourt's exaggerated chin became a by-word, to the amusement of that gentleman, who only found fault when he was depicted as being scarce of hair ! Lord Randolph Churchill being drawn in the guise of an impertinent boy originated a fiction that dies hard as to his having been a small man ; though this was a pictorial satire on his character and not on his physical appearance.

Although the great majority of Mr. Furniss's political cartoons have been charged with a genial humour which the subjects could join with both political friends and enemies in enjoying, he has



A HOUSE OF AFOLLO-TICIANS AS SEEN BY THEMSELVES.

[Punch, September 23rd, 1893.]

## Humorists of the Pencil

not escaped the ire of those whom his mordant pencil has at times attacked. Mr. Spielmann, in his "History of *Punch*," recalls one of these episodes in which the fiery Mr. Swift MacNeill, M.P., figured not quite happily. "Mr. MacNeill had previously appreciated the sketches, and begged certain of them. But at last, on the occasion of an exuberant and unflattering, but still not an ill-humoured portrait, supported by a solid contingent of his Party, he sought the artist out and, reproaching him in excited and unmeasured terms, he committed a 'technical assault' upon him. . . . As it appeared to the draughtsman that it was all a pre-arranged affair, he remained passive, lest a development of the situation should lead—as it was probably intended that it should lead—to his exclusion from the Lobby. Mr. Furniss, with rare good taste, revenged himself by a full-page drawing of 'A House of Apolloticians,' in which every member has been idealised to a point of extraordinary personal beauty, while the artist himself appears in the corner as a malignant ape of hideous aspect. This was balm, no doubt, to the gentleman who had been so incensed at being 'caricatured, now as a potato, now as a gorilla;' while the situation was cleverly summed up thus :

"O, Mr. MacNeill was quite happy until a  
Draughtsman in *Punch* made him like a gorilla;  
At the Zoo the gorilla quite happy did feel,  
Till the draughtsman in *Punch* made him like the MacNeill."

All this indicates very clearly that Mr. Harry Furniss is, in the fullest and best sense of the word, a caricaturist, and he himself has given us a definition of that term which coincides entirely with the art as he has practised it. "A caricaturist is an artistic



## Harry Furniss

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contortionist," he says. "He is grotesque for effect. A contortionist twists and distorts himself to cause amusement, but he is by nature straight of limb and a student of grace before he can contort his body in burlesque of the 'human form divine.' Thus also is it with the caricaturist and his pencil. The good points of his subject must be plainly apparent to him before he can twist his study into the grotesque; to him it is necessary that the sublime should be known and appreciated ere he can convert it into the ridiculous, and without the aid of serious studies it is impossible for him fully to analyse and successfully produce the humorous and the satirical. Perchance he may even entertain a feeling of admiration for the subject he is holding up to ridicule, for serious moments and serious work are no strangers to the caricaturist."

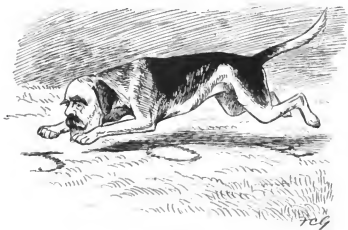
Mr. Furniss is reputed to be quite the most rapid worker in the ranks of our foremost draughtsmen, and yet his sketches never bear evidence of the high pressure at which they have often been produced, their wonderful precision of line and accuracy of portraiture being always patent. "Being accustomed to work at high pressure for the illustrated papers and magazines since boyhood," he writes in his "Confessions," "I confess that *Punch* work to me was my playtime. I contributed over two thousand six hundred designs, from the smallest to the largest that ever appeared in its pages (the latter were published in the Christmas numbers, 1890 and 1891), and I was not in receipt of a salary, but was paid for each drawing at my full rate. I have reason to think I drew in the time more money from *Punch*, proportionately, than any other contributor in its history in a like period."

## Humorists of the Pencil

In February of 1894 he resigned his connection with *Punch*, being desirous to avoid falling into one groove which he feared continued association with the paper might in his case produce. Since then he has been engaged in a bewildering variety of ways, but chiefly as a public entertainer, his illustrated lectures on "Portraiture," and "The Humours of Parliament" having been a source of enjoyment to thousands of his fellow-citizens at home and in the colonies, while he has been no less successful in America, thus eclipsing the achievement of all previous *Punch* men who have taken to the platform, and the contributors to that paper have always had a peculiar *penchant* for this occupation. He has written six or seven books—the latest being his first novel, "Poverty Bay," published by Messrs. Chapman & Hall—illustrated these and many more, started at least two periodicals, contributed to almost every journal of note, both with pen and pencil, and as the writer and illustrator of a weekly article entitled "London Laughter," which has been widely syndicated throughout the press of the English-speaking world, he may fairly claim to have secured as wide an audience as any English humorist could desire.

### III.

## F. Carruthers Gould.



"F. C. G." ON THE OLD TRAIL  
(By himself).

THERE has never been in the public life of our country one who has occupied a position quite comparable with that so successfully filled by Mr. F. Carruthers Gould. In the earlier years of last century, society had its Gillrays and its Rowlandsons, who satirised its fashions and its follies with an ability and a coarseness neither of which is common in the pictorial satire of our day. But even the best of the caricaturists of the past seldom became subjects of universal popularity, and assuredly none in his day

## Humorists of the Pencil

achieved anything approaching the public recognition which Mr. Gould has deservedly won. It is true that the veteran Sir John Tenniel must be indicated as an exception to this general rule ; but his knighthood came to him only seven years before he retired from *Punch* and when he was seventy-three years of age, having been then on the staff of that paper for more than forty years. I do not, of course, suggest any comparison between the work of the two artists, whose gifts are so utterly distinct ; but I do suggest that even the popularity of Tenniel's unparalleled series of cartoons was not so remarkable as that which has attended the more homely humorous sketches of "F. C. G."

There must be very cogent reasons for the extraordinary vogue of Mr. Gould's work, and reasons which are not entirely associated with art, for as an artist pure and simple, one might name several men of less note who are his betters. He owes his popularity, I think, chiefly to the fact that he is essentially a journalist. All his instincts are journalistic : the keen sense of singling out from the affairs of the moment the topics which are most likely to interest the mass of newspaper readers and presenting these from a point of view which greatly enhances their interest. He is, in a word, a brilliant journalist who draws his "leading articles" instead of writing them. Cartoons are the most effective, because the most primitive, form of conveying a lesson, and everybody agrees that those of "F. C. G." are worth a wilderness of leading articles. Mr. Gould has done more than any of his contemporaries to popularise this feature of the newer journalism, and, indeed, he may be regarded as the pioneer cartoonist of the daily Press. Above all—and this is perhaps the real reason of his

## F. Carruthers Gould

being equally popular with political friends and foes—he has brought to his work a high sense of gentlemanly conduct which, while restraining his humour, has never in any degree weakened its effect, but rather made it the more acceptable.

It used to be said of Mr. Harry Furniss that he climbed into fame on the peaks of Mr. Gladstone's collars, and similarly one may say that Mr. Gould owes a good deal of his success to the splendid possibilities for caricature afforded by Mr. Chamberlain and his monocle. Eleven years ago I find Mr. Stead, who was the first editor of a daily paper to employ the pencil of "F. C. G.," complaining that "the upper teeth of Mr. W. H. Smith become almost as monotonous as Mr. Chamberlain's eye-glass," in refer-



*Westminster Gazette.*

CONSOLATION.—MISS JOSEPHINA: "Never mind the weather, Arthur—you have ME!"

## Humorists of the Pencil

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ence to the methods of Mr. Gould ; a singularly inapposite criticism, as time has proved, for the delight with which in the intervening years the caricaturist has pursued the protean career of that famous statesman has been fully shared by the public. Mr. Chamberlain is known to be a collector of " F. C. G.'s " cartoons, but he can only possess a few of those wherein he figures—their name is legion.

The familiar saying as to poets being " born, not made," applies with equal force to the caricaturist. In America they have " schools of caricature," but we may suppose them to be only caricatures of schools. Certainly, Mr. Gould was born to his art, and at a very early age " F. C. G.," the schoolboy, was caricaturing " the heroes of the classics," though almost half a century was to pass before he gave us his delightful adaptations of Froissart, as Mr. Gould is now into his " sixties," having been born at Barnstable, December 2nd, 1844.

His youth was passed in his native town, and his amateur pencil was often employed in the humorous delineation of local celebrities ; but he found a more fruitful field for his hobby when he came to London and entered a stockbroker's office, as the Stock Exchange, of which he continued a member for a score of years, furnished him with many congenial subjects.

He was thirty-five years of age before the talent which he had cultivated in private was turned to public account, at length to increase appreciably the gaiety of the nation. His first published work was done for the Christmas number of *Truth* in 1879. For sixteen years he continued this connection, though meanwhile his artistic avocation had become his real vocation.

## F. Carruthers Gould



[*Westminster Gazette.*  
HUMPTY DUMPTY, OR JOHN BULL IN WONDERLAND.

His earlier sketches had been drawn chiefly from photographs, and it was not until 1889 that he began to work from the life. The *Pall Mall Gazette* brought him before the wider public of the daily paper some seventeen years ago ; but, of course, the idea of a diurnal cartoon was not yet contemplated.

In 1890 he began the work which has been mainly responsible for making him the familiar figure he undoubtedly is in the public life of our time. The humorous illustration of Parliament had long been a popular feature of *Punch*, but its introduction to daily journalism we owe to Mr. E. T. Cook's editorship of the *Pall Mall*, with "F. C. G." as the man for the work. When the

## Humorists of the Pencil

*Westminster Gazette* was started, in 1893, Mr. Gould transferred his pencil to its service, for he is a keen and conscientious politician ; and it is a commonplace in Fleet Street that his sketches have been in a large measure responsible for the success of that excellent evening paper. Lord Rosebery, not long ago, paid him the high compliment of saying that he is the only considerable asset remaining to the Liberal party ; and there can be no doubt that the educational influence of his cartoons has been greater than that of any propaganda undertaken by the party whose cause he has consistently espoused. Mr. Stead has remarked, in a quaint phrase, that "his cartoons hit the man in the street full in the eye," and it is just in this power to arrest attention and to see the humorous side of serious things that Mr. Gould's success lies.

Those who least understand his work—and it is surprising that there should be any such, as it is part of his plan to be always "obvious"—imagine that he has conceived a terrible hatred of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, since that statesman figures in some guise or another in the majority of his sketches. He has himself explained why Mr. Chamberlain is his favourite subject. "As a purely political caricaturist," he says, "I am concerned only with the politics of a statesman, and with his personality only as far as it is inseparable from his political career. To help the reader to grasp the meaning quickly there must be no doubt as to the personalities introduced on the cartoon stage. Therefore the likenesses must be of well-known people, familiar to all. This necessarily limits the portrait repertory of a political caricaturist, and the statesmen or politicians who are most in the eye of the public for the time must be the illustrative puppets played with.



## F. Carruthers Gould

This simple reasoning will I think explain why I caricature Mr. Chamberlain so much. There is nothing of the phantom about him ; he is metalically real ; and it is impossible in dealing with him to treat him impersonally, for his personality enters so largely into everything he says or does."

These words of Mr. Gould's bear out entirely my description



[*Westminster Gazette.*

THE EXCHEQUER GUARD.

(Four ex-chancellors defending the Free Trade Flag.)

of him as a journalist who draws pictures ; although, by the way, he is also a talented writer and, as assistant editor of the *Westminster Gazette*, has done work which would have entitled him to distinction even if he had never captured us all with his cartoons. You will note what he says concerning the necessity for portraiture. While the recognition of this has resulted in the immediate and widespread acceptance of his cartoons, it has limited the value of

## Humorists of the Pencil

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his work from an artistic point of view. I have before me a very spirited drawing of his which appeared in the old *Pall Mall Budget*, representing Mr. Gladstone as "The Grand Old Lion." The body of the lion is splendidly drawn, the feet grip the ground, the tail is in the very instance of lashing, there is vigour and life in every muscle, but the head is simply a lifelike portrait of Mr. Gladstone with the faintest suggestion of a lion in the broadening of the nose and the addition of leonine whiskers. The whole is perfect from the "popular" point of view, but the head thus treated detracts from the picture as a piece of genuine caricature. This is characteristic of nearly all Mr. Gould's work; but it is a limitation, self-imposed, deliberate, and entirely justifiable for the reason he himself has stated.

Although he is first and foremost a humorist, he takes his work seriously, and perhaps that is why he maintains it always at so high a level. The mere fact that, with few exceptions, his cartoons are concerned with current politics gives them a somewhat ephemeral life; yet they are "the abstracts and brief chronicles of the time," and whatever their future value may be, they are certainly a delight to the present generation, while it is no exaggeration to say that most of our leading men are better known to the public at large through the cartoons of "F. C. G." than by their photographs.

I have said nothing as to the technique of Mr. Gould's work. He himself, with too much modesty, has disclaimed any pretension to draughtsmanship, and some critics have been quick to take him at his word. But it seems to me that, though he is in no way comparable with such masters of line as Mr. Linley

[*Westminster Gazette.*

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#### IV.

### L. Raven-Hill.



L. RAVEN-HILL.  
(By himself.)

EVERY successful artist who, in a manner of speaking, creates a school, is certain to have some disciples and many imitators. Charles Keene, whom one of the standard biographical dictionaries describes as "an inimitable artist in black-and-white," expressed himself in so original a manner that many were tempted to copy him ; but, inevitably,

his followers who tried to reproduce his mannerisms only never came to be of any account. Those who remember the earlier work of Mr. L. Raven-Hill would probably admit that they took him at first for another of Keene's imitators, but they would now as readily regard him as one of the most individual of our black-and-white artists.

The resemblance between the penwork of Keene and that of Mr. Raven-Hill must be obvious to the least critical ; and less obvious, naturally, the very subtle distinction. Avowedly a disciple of one who was the most gifted of all the brilliant con-

## L. Raven-Hill



[Pick-Me-Up.]

### LE SPORT.

GAMEKEEPER.—'Ere, you ain't allowed to shoot 'ere.

INTELLIGENT FOREIGNER —Mais vere ees ze 'arm. I nevaire 'it anyzing !

tributors to *Punch*, Mr. Raven-Hill has succeeded almost in spite of the comparison which his work has always challenged. At first glance even a connoisseur might mistake a sketch by the one for the work of the other ; but only at first glance, and loosely. For all the seeming sketchiness of a drawing by Charles Keene, it will be found to possess a certain daintiness of detail in line which is absent from the drawings of Mr. Raven-Hill, who aims at bolder effects. Moreover, the latter artist is even more suc-

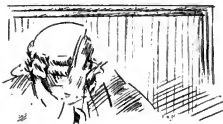
## Humorists of the Pencil

cessful in wash, some of his best work having been done in that medium. It has to be remembered, too, that nearly all the work of Keene was given to the public through the medium of wood-engraving, while that of his disciple has enjoyed the advantage of mechanical and precise reproduction.

The two artists are curiously alike, not only in style, but in their humorous appreciation of character. Here, again, the later worker has to meet the suspicion of imitating, and this he does completely. For his humour is so patently an affair of his own temperament, showing itself consistently throughout many years of sustained production, that no mere imitator could have achieved the results we must concede to Mr. Raven-Hill.

I recall an early sketch of his which showed a prim old Scots-woman in a public street turning impulsively to the nearest passer-by, and asking if he would kindly whistle for her dog. The person addressed was represented in a state of semi-drunkenness, though arrayed in his "Sunday blacks," and he was flashing a look of maudlin indignation at the old lady as he said, "What ! Whistle on the Sawbuth !" The sentiment and manner of that sketch were both worthy of Mr. Raven-Hill's avowed master. It is, indeed, remarkable how he hits off Scottish character with precisely the same humorous instinct as Charles Keene, and both have the same fondness for illustrating the humours of drunkenness ; but there is about their sketches of intoxicated men a certain kindly touch which redeems them from the grossness of some of the late Phil May's pictures in which drunkenness supplied the comic situation. It may be no business of an artist to convey a moral ; but, much as one may admire the technique and be

## L. Raven-Hill



[Pick-Me-Up.]

FIRST BURGLAR.—Who are yer a-shovin' of?

SECOND BURGLAR.—Who's a-shovin'? I've got as much right to be 'ere as you 'ave!

amused by those sketches of the artists in question, one need not be a Philistine to confess a preference for George Cruikshank's treatment of the same subject.

Mr. Raven-Hill tells me that he has not the faintest notion where his first drawing appeared, but thinks that "it represented a young woman clutching at the masthead in a howling gale."

## Humorists of the Pencil

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The subject, we may suppose, was treated humorously, but it might well have been otherwise, as humour was not the essential note of much of his earlier work. In fact, he seemed for a time to be shaping as an illustrator rather than a humorist, and his sketches of stage scenes, which began fifteen years ago in the pages of *Pick-Me-Up*, and were long a popular feature of that journal, have seldom been equalled, and certainly never surpassed, as faithful and artistic reproductions of things seen. His training, too, was entirely in the serious reaches of art ; for after studying at Lambeth he became a pupil of those celebrated French masters Bouguereau and Aimé Morot, exhibiting at the Paris Salon in 1887, when he was twenty years of age, and at the Royal Academy two years later. He still continues to exhibit at the Salon and the Academy.

When Mr. Raven-Hill was gradually winning recognition as an artist in black-and-white, and by that token breaking away from his original purpose as a painter, the old order of *Punch* was still strong ; but the great comic journal suffered a severe loss by the death of Keene in 1891, and five years later the death of Du Maurier rendered imperative a more liberal policy in the choice of its artists. What more natural than that its conductors should have turned to men of such ability as Phil May and Mr. Raven-Hill, the first of whom had not been shy to satirise with his pencil the then shortcomings of that journal. In 1896 Mr. Raven-Hill made his first appearance in the classic pages of Mr. Punch, and it was not long before he had been elected to a seat at the board. He is now one of the most brilliant of the regular contributors, and had the honour of being included in



## L. Raven-Hill

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[Pick-Me-Up.

### A FAILURE.

STREET PREACHER (*with an eye to effect*): Friend, do you know that your soul is blacker than your face?

SWEEP: Is it? Well, *your* face will be blacker than *my* soul if you don't hook it!

that famous embassy which represented Mr. Punch at the Durbar.

The subject of our sketch was born at Bath, March 10th, 1867, and received his education at the Bristol Grammar School

## Humorists of the Pencil

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[Pick-Me-Up].  
FACKTIOUS 'BUS DRIVER: Drop it, Bill, an' see if it will bounce.

and Devon County School. He is an enthusiastic volunteer, his regiment being the 2nd V. B. Wiltshire, and his pencil has been often employed in illustrating the humours of "citizen-soldiering." In addition to the features of his career already touched upon, it should be noted that while still a prolific contributor to *Pick-Me-*

## L. Raven-Hill

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*Up*, of which journal he was for a time art editor, he started that beautiful little magazine the *Butterfly*, in 1893, and did some admirable work for it, chiefly in wash. The *Butterfly* was well named, both in respect to its dainty contents and its short life, and an attempt to revive it five years ago did not meet with success. But Mr. Raven-Hill need not repine ; he is well placed in the foremost ranks of our humorists of the pencil, and we have a reasonable hope that he may long continue to add to the gaiety of the nation.

## J. Bernard Partridge.



[From "*The History of 'Punch.'*"]

J. BERNARD PARTRIDGE.

(By himself).

SOME little time ago a writer conceived the happy idea of getting a number of popular humorous writers to select from the illustrations to their works those they considered the best interpretations of the text. Perhaps the title under which the results of this inquiry were set forth—"Masterpieces of Humorous Illustration"—was more attractive than accurate, but it was surely a feather in the cap of Mr. Bernard Partridge

that out of eight specimens reproduced, no less than three were from his pencil. Two had originally appeared in *Punch*, illustrating Mr. Anstey's story, "A Bayard from Bengal," and Mr. R. C. Lehmann's "Letters to Abstractions." The third was taken from Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's delightful little book, "Stageland," and as it recalls a period of Mr. Partridge's career

## J. Bernard Partridge



[Punch.]  
DESPERATE HOUSEHOLDER WRITES OUT ADVERTISEMENT: "To be disposed of, a Monkey. Very comical and playful; Lively companion; full of fun. Would exchange for Gold Fish, or anything useful."

## Humorists of the Pencil

prior to his coming into the purple which only Mr. Punch can bestow, it is interesting to have a reminiscence of these earlier days.

"Jerome's sketches of Stageland and its inhabitants," says the writer of the article in question, "were first published in a weekly paper, long since defunct, called the *Playgoer*. Jerome and Partridge were at that time companions in the Bohemia of London, one a writer and the other an artist on the first rungs of the ladder of fame, who had a strong common interest in their love for the drama. Jerome thought that the sketches might make a saleable book, and with that object asked Partridge if he would make some drawings with which to illustrate them. The artist, who had such an excellent practical knowledge of the subject, willingly consented, and the friends agreed to share the profits of the publication. But, alas! it was some time before publication was effected, several firms of publishers refusing the work, until one eventually offered to publish it on a royalty. Mr. Partridge, it may be added, was so familiar—as an actor himself—with the types of character described by the author, that he found it unnecessary to have professional models in making his drawings."

The combination of talent in "Stageland," which book appeared some seventeen years ago, was extremely happy, and the author would be the first to recognise that the spirited drawings of his collaborateur were largely responsible for the success that was scored. Mr. Partridge was there seen in his true rôle as an illustrator of character; he is in no sense of the word a caricaturist, nor is he always at his best in cartooning. The remark

## J. Bernard Partridge



A HARD CASE.

[Punch.

"'Ad any breakfus' 's mornin'?" "Not a drop!"

as to his being able to dispense with models because of his familiarity with his subjects, reminds me that he has confessed to being very irregular in his methods, drawing at times from models, and again from his inner consciousness.

His career is in many ways peculiar, for although he was

## Humorists of the Pencil

brought up in an artistic environment, his uncle having been Portrait Painter Extraordinary to Queen Victoria, and his father Professor of Anatomy at the Royal Academy, while he was for a time in an architect's office, and later, after a period of study at the West London School of Art, a designer of stained glass and ecclesiastical furnishings, he seems to have been more strongly attracted to a dramatic career than to that of an artist. Indeed, he had achieved distinction as an actor before his successes as an artist had marked him out as one who would rank with the best draughtsmen of our time. And when the time came for him to make final choice, it is doubtful if any other inducement than a seat at the historic *Punch* table would have led him to abandon the stage. He still describes himself as "artist and actor," although "Bernard Gould," his *nom-de-theatre*, has not been seen on the play-bills since he supported Mr. Forbes-Robertson in *Hamlet* at the Lyceum.

Mr. Partridge was born in London, October 11, 1861, and educated at the well-known Catholic college of Stonyhurst, where Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, who is a nephew of the celebrated *Punch* artist, Richard Doyle, also received his early training. He matriculated at London University in 1878, and six years later began his work as a black and white illustrator. "I'm really not sure," he tells me, "but I think my first published sketch—an extraordinarily bad one—appeared in *Moonshine*." When the artist is in doubt, who shall decide? But in those early years his experience was not unlike that of most beginners, and he had to send his sketches on their rounds just as hundreds of unknown tyros are doing to-day. Only once, however, did he



## J. Bernard Partridge

approach an "art editor" in person, and the result was rather amusing. The sketches he submitted depicted some of the players in a light opera then being performed. "That isn't like Miss So-and-So," exclaimed the editor, holding up one of the drawings, and assuming an air of ready judgment. "No?" said Mr. Partridge. "Not in the least!" thundered the art editor. "Naturally," replied the artist, "as it isn't meant for her."

I learn from Mr. Spielmann that it was through the instrumentality of the late George du Maurier, one of his greatest admirers, that Mr. Partridge made his first drawing for *Punch* in 1891. "It was a drawing of a bishop in a distressing and undignified pose," says Mr. Punch's historian, "and, though small in size, it proved at once to readers of *Punch* the justice of the extraordinary reputation the young artist had gained elsewhere. It was not only that his drawing and proportion are always entirely right—that, perhaps, is to be expected in the son of a late teacher of anatomy at the Royal Academy Schools—but that his handling is so graceful and dainty, his effects of light and shade so masterly, his portraiture so true, and his power of representing expression, as shown both in face and figure, so absolute. Mr. du Maurier saw in him his own successor for the time when he may be called upon to lay the pencil down; and the public recognised in him an appreciator of beauty to a degree hardly excelled by Mr. du Maurier himself. Being, moreover, as familiar with the expression of the foreigner as with that of the East-Enders, or the resident of 'Buckley Square,' he was a recruit after Mr. Punch's own heart and interest."

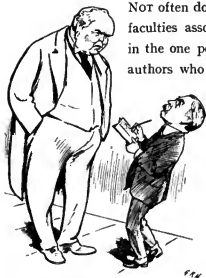
## Humorists of the Pencil

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Alas ! since those words were written, the pencil of Du Maurier had been laid down for the most imperative of all reasons ; but Mr. Bernard Partridge has proved himself worthy to wear the mantle of that brilliant social satirist and impeccable draughtsman. Mr. Partridge was promoted to the regular staff of *Punch* in 1892, and it is since then that his weekly attendance at the dinner where the forthcoming issue of the journal is concocted has made it impossible for him to continue in any regular way his dramatic career. But, though the old love of the stage may still be strong in his blood, he has the comforting knowledge that the achievements of a distinguished artist are more enduring than those of the most inspired actor that ever trod the stage.

VI.

G. R. Halkett.



WHEN SCOT MEETS SCOT!  
"G. R. H." drawing the giants at Westminster.

NOR often do we find the literary and artistic faculties associated to any remarkable extent in the one person. True, we have had great authors who thought they were artists also.

Perhaps Thackeray is the most familiar instance of that delusion. We have had many artists who attempted to shine in literature, but seldom with conspicuous success. The late James McNeil Whistler might certainly have won literary laurels if he had greatly cared. But, with the great exception of John Ruskin, most artists who have also been authors

have been prone to write chiefly about art, and thus to address a somewhat limited public.

These thoughts are suggested when one comes to consider the life and work of Mr. George Roland Halkett, who occupies in

## Humorists of the Pencil

contemporary art and journalism a position that is as unique as it is distinguished.

A man of more versatile gifts and attainments than Mr. Halkett it would be difficult to mention. As a mere boy of sixteen or thereabouts he began to write art criticism while he was himself in the earliest stages of training for the work he so precociously set himself to judge, and in the more than thirty years which have passed since then he has produced an enormous number of drawings in water-colour and black-and-white, the lion's share of them being political caricatures. Nor has he ever ceased to sustain the rôle of critic which he assumed so early, for he is to-day, as for many years past, one of the art writers of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and, withal, do we not owe it to his cultured and discriminating literary taste that the *Pall Mall Magazine* under his editorship took its place in general estimation as the worthiest production of the English magazine press?

Mr. Halkett possesses some of the finest characteristics of the Scot—patience, perseverance, decision—but added thereto, and conducing largely to his success, he has that indefinable *esprit*, mental nimbleness, artistic impulse of the French, from which race his mother was descended. He was born in Edinburgh, 11th March, 1855, and, after leaving school at fifteen years of age, was for a time employed in an insurance office, where he seems to have passed his days very agreeably, drawing caricatures of his fellow-clerks and the other officials, and occasionally, we may suppose, performing his humble necessary duties.

Clearly art was to be the passion of his life, and assiduously he sought to attain some mastery of draughtsmanship and colour,

## G. R. Halkett

while he found one of the Edinburgh papers willing to admit his youthful strictures on others in like case. I have reason to know that he is fully penitent for his earliest indiscretions ; but those youthful criticisms, however immature they may have been, must have been charged with some element of personality, as he continued to write with increasing acceptance, and before he was twenty-one had produced quite a budget of brochures on art exhibitions in Edinburgh and Glasgow, in Liverpool and Manchester, becoming at that age the regular critic of the *Edinburgh Evening News*, for which paper Mr. William Archer was then leader-writing.

But, although he was continually applying himself to the practice as well as the theory of art, it was some considerable time before his work began to attract attention. After a period of study in Paris he was frequently in evidence at the different exhibitions, and his water-colours have always displayed so marked a gift for composition and sensuous colour effects, fresh, unconventional in treatment, that only the abounding merits of his political caricatures can reconcile us to his comparatively small output in painting.

Not merely the sheer love of using his pencil drew him into political caricature. Mr. Halkett has always been an extremely keen politician. In this way only are the happiest results to be obtained ; for, entertaining himself the most pronounced views on political subjects, and having the natural gift, matured and polished by serious study and training, he came to political caricature far better equipped than most of its exponents. No wonder, therefore, that his first ambitious effort in this direction achieved

## Humorists of the Pencil

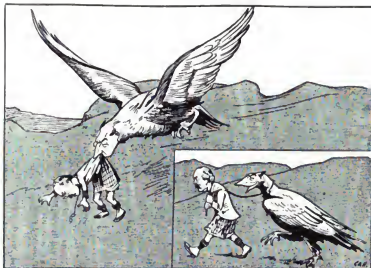
a remarkable and almost unprecedented success. It was in 1880, when Mr. Halkett was in his twenty-fifth year, that he illustrated and co-operated in the compilation of a political satire which Messrs. William Blackwood and Sons published under the title of "New Gleanings from Gladstone." This booklet contained a baker's dozen of cartoons, conceived in a spirit of mordant satire, and drawn with true feeling for line. Close on ninety thousand copies of the little work were sold, and naturally the artist concluded that he had found his true vocation. "The Gladstone Almanac," on somewhat similar lines, followed, and then came what I personally regard as one of Mr. Halkett's happiest works in caricature, "The Egyptian Red Book." This was a satire on Mr. Glad-



[*Pall Mall Gazette.*

CITIZEN BALFOUR AND THE DRAGON OBSTRUCTION.

"Really, my friend, if you insist on assuming that attitude, I'm bound sooner or later to accommodate you."



[*Pall Mall Gazette.*

THE EAGLE AND THE CHILD.

The impossible story of an eagle carrying off a Scottish child, published last week by some of our Radical contemporaries, turns out to have been a hoax. The truth is that the eagle and the child are on the best of terms, and that the eagle follows the child everywhere with absolute loyalty and true friendship.

stone's Egyptian policy, and many of its cartoons were real models of what political caricature ought to be, the peculiarities of Egyptian mural art and hieroglyphics being most happily adapted to the illustration of the politics of the moment. And here it is well to touch upon a point of much importance in considering the work of an artist who deals satirically with the politics of the passing day. One may fairly say that much of what passes current at present as excellent caricature owes three-fourths of its popularity to its topical quality rather than to any merits of art. Mr. Halkett, however, has always been a conscientious and delibe-

## Humorists of the Pencil

rate artist in caricature, and now, twenty years and more after the politics satirised by him in his popular series of brochures have ceased to interest, one can turn again to his pictures and study them for the excellence of their draughtsmanship and those qualities of genuine satire which, by exaggeration's artful aid, express to us in a few graphic and telling lines, not merely the outward appearance, but something of the real character of the persons portrayed. It is thus that caricature of permanent value can be produced, and since the public is content to have its risible faculties tickled for the moment only, all honour to those artists who, while catering for the taste of the moment, surrender no particle of their artistic ideals.

Studying Mr. Halkett's cartoons when the political passions which gave them birth have subsided, one can find in them nothing that is ungenerous, but much that is severe, and, if you will, bitter, though that is only saying they are eminently caricatures. Remembering how party passions obscure judgment, we are not surprised to know that Sir George Trevelyan said of Mr. Halkett's "Irish Green Book," that "nothing more infamous than those caricatures could be produced in any country in the world;" but it is more to our present purpose that so august an authority as John Ruskin considered the same caricatures were "far more powerful and less gross than those of the old English school."

There is a personal interest of an unusual kind attaching to the products of Mr. Halkett's pen between 1885 and 1890. During those years he was an invalid, but pluckily following his art with a touch of that heroism which the memory of "R. L. S." always



## G. R. Halkett

recalls. Overwork, combined with a serious physical trouble, laid him on his back, and while he had little reason to hope that he might ever again enjoy normal health, he produced what I consider to be some of the best examples of his pictorial satire. He owes it to the skill of a famous surgeon that fourteen years ago



[Punch.]  
MR. PUNCH'S MUSEUM.  
An Imperial Helmet  
(The Emperor of Germany).



[Punch.]  
SEATS OF THE MIGHTY.  
The Woolsack Recreation Chair  
(Lord Halsbury).

he was able to come to London, where his conspicuous abilities both as artist and critic were soon recognised by his appointment as Parliamentary caricaturist and art critic of the *Pall Mall Gazette* towards the end of 1892, when Mr. Gould transferred his services to the *Westminster*. From that day onward "G. R. H."

## Humorists of the Pencil

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has given the *Pall Mall* readers the opposite point of view from that of "F. C. G."

As artists the two men have as little in common as they have in politics, although they are the best of friends in private life. "F. C. G." would be the first to admit that "G. R. H." is in some respects the better craftsman of the two, all his work being marked by a subtle mastery and economy of line to which Mr. Gould does not aspire, and, if I may draw a distinction which is more real than apparent, I would say that Mr. Halkett is usually satirical where Mr. Gould would be humorous. Moreover, he makes a more frequent approach to true caricature, both of character and appearance, than Mr. Gould attempts. Mr. Halkett has a fine feeling for line, and as he is one who does not believe in the theory that training spoils a caricaturist, he is in every sketch a conscious and careful draughtsman. Although many of his sketches in simple outline are excellent, and most effective, he is seen at his best, to my thinking, either in those where the method of reproduction permits the use of fine and dainty lines, or wash. Some of his drawings of political characters, in the latter medium, which appeared in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, were perfect examples of "kindly caricature," both in conception and execution. Those of Sir William Harcourt, Lord Goschen, and Mr. Winston Churchill, I recall especially as accentuating not merely the physical attributes, but the very character of these gentlemen. Indeed, to those who are only acquainted with his political sketches in the daily paper, such finished works of art as I have just mentioned would be something of a revelation.

Like all the successful humorists of the pencil, Mr. Halkett

## G. R. Halkett

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has naturally worked a good deal for *Punch*, and one of his most popular series of contributions to that jocular journal was entitled, "The Seats of the Mighty," in which he provided grotesquely funny chairs for the Sultan, the Kaiser, and other celebrities, the design of each chair being cleverly made to suggest the features of its owner.

Mr. Halkett in 1897 became art editor of the *Pall Mall Magazine*, and three years later he succeeded Lord Frederic Hamilton as general editor of that important periodical. It is not too much to say that from the day he became associated with it the magazine improved immensely, both in its literary and artistic contents. He has quite recently resigned the editorship to leave himself freer to carry on his art work. In his time Mr. Halkett has been a considerable traveller, having twice voyaged round the world, and in company with his charming and accomplished wife, a Lancashire lady, he has passed much time in the Near East, studying the art of Greece and Egypt, in which he is passionately interested.

## VII.

### John Proctor.



JOHN PROCTOR.  
(By himself).

"Conscience makes cowards of us all!"  
Great Scott! The shade of Gladstone!

MORE than once already have I been tempted to emphasise the distinctions between caricaturist, cartoonist, and humorous illustrator, and we may be sure further occasions to do so will arise in the course of these papers. It is difficult, however, always to maintain these nice distinctions, and the difficulty is the greater since the word "caricaturist" has come to be accepted in England as defining broadly all who

## John Proctor

draw comic pictures in black and white. But here I find my present subject inviting the comparison, as Mr. Proctor says, "I am not a caricaturist. I wish I were. I am a cartoonist." This estimate of himself is not altogether unjust, although when one remembers such a masterly cartoon as "Birds of Prey" which appeared in *Will o' the Wisp*, a humorous weekly, which, despite the efforts of a very brilliant staff, flourished for only a short time in the late 'sixties, one is inclined to suggest that Mr. Proctor possesses powers of caricature that have never been duly developed.

The story of that cartoon, like hundreds of stories the artist has to tell, is interesting and characteristic of the man. It was in the early days of the Irish question, and during a Parliamentary recess, when subjects for political cartoons were difficult to discover or invent, that Mr. Proctor found himself wandering along the Strand gravelled for an idea, with the uncomfortable knowledge that in a few hours he would require to deliver his weekly cartoon for *Will o' the Wisp*. "In sheer desperation," he says, "I snatched up a paper in a Strand restaurant, and read at random. I came to the concluding sentence of an article which accused the Gladstonian party of making political capital out of Irish discontent. The closing words were, 'Wheresoever the carcase is, there will the eagles be gathered together.' From these words I evolved my political 'Birds of Prey' cartoon."

This will help us to understand the conditions under which the great bulk of Mr. Proctor's work has been produced—for, unlike Sir John Tenniel or Mr. Linley Sambourne, he has throughout the greater part of his long career worked at very high pressure,

## Humorists of the Pencil

and often produced two or three cartoons in one week. The wonder is that his work has always maintained so high a level of excellence, and it indicates the remarkable facility of the man that, taking his political cartoons over a period of something like thirty-five years, they yield an average of merit entitling Mr. Proctor to be mentioned with the two celebrated cartoonists just named. He is, indeed, a consummate draughtsman, a master of line, and, in "Birds of Prey," certainly one of his masterpieces, there is the high quality of perfect caricature in the treatment of Mr. Gladstone's head. With absolute fidelity the features of the great statesman are blended with those of the vulture he is likened to by the political partisan. It is not a pleasant picture, and we cannot suppose that its subject regarded it lightly, but the composition, the detail of craftsmanship, the expression of the idea, lift it into the classics of political cartooning, and render it almost as notable a specimen of the art as Tenniel's celebrated "Dropping the Pilot."

I have dwelt at some length on this example of Mr. Proctor's work, as it is typical of the whole. In all the innumerable products of his pencil we find the same precise command of his medium, the strong true touch of line, and so instinct with life are all his figures, it is hard to believe he has never drawn from models. "I have always been an artist," he says, "who draws from his inner consciousness. The only occasion on which I made use of a model was when, having a difficult sketch of Lord Beaconsfield to do, I arranged a reflecting glass, which enabled me to draw from myself the figure I desired. I was not astonished, therefore, to hear from a friend almost directly after the appearance of the

## John Proctor

cartoon this remark, 'Proctor, Beaconsfield's legs are yours!' And so they were."

Like that of his distinguished colleague of the pencil and fellow-townsmen, Mr. G. R. Halkett, the spirit of all Mr. Proctor's



"THE COSTER."

An unpublished sketch by J. Proctor.

work has been satirical rather than humorous; but the man himself was long one of the most popular wits in literary and artistic Bohemia, and his pawky Scots stories—evolved, many of them, like his cartoons, from his inner consciousness—added to the gaiety of London club-land for full two-score years before he retired into the country.

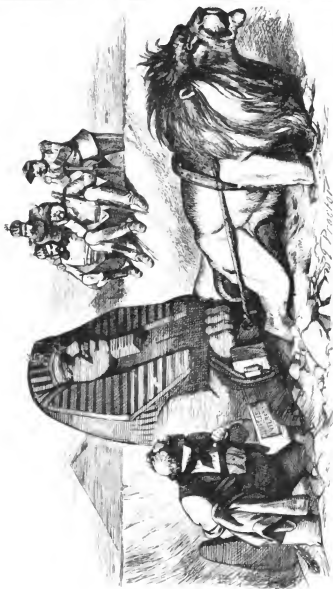
## Humorists of the Pencil

Mr. Proctor is, indeed, one of the veterans of his craft, and stands alone in the variety of his experience. He was born in Edinburgh as far back as 1836, and from his earliest years had a strong predilection for art, which his father, a worthy Philistine, opposed in every way. But, thanks to the brutal conduct of a tradesman to whom the lad was apprenticed, his father ultimately let him follow the bent of his mind, and young John Proctor became a pupil of a well-known engraver in the Scottish capital. For fully six years he continued at this work, reproducing on steel and copper many landscapes and figure subjects, and then for a time he worked on his own behalf for some of the Edinburgh publishers; but realising that his craft was a declining one, he followed many another of his countrymen, and took the high road to London in 1859, "equipped with a very limited art education, but with a fair share of ambition in my head and a book of character sketches of Lammas Fair in my wallet. The object of my invasion was to get into black and white business as soon as possible." His early days in the metropolis were marked by no little hardship, but he has tender memories of the first half-page from his pencil he succeeded in getting into the *Illustrated London News*, close on fifty years ago, which makes him, with the exception of Mr. Harrison Weir, the oldest member of the staff of that paper whose interests he has represented in different parts of the world.

After a time Mr. Proctor became the resident artist to Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, as the firm of Cassell and Co., Ltd., was then styled, and he considers that the great variety of book and magazine illustrations done by him during his five years



# John Proctor



[Mouthing.]

"STUCK!" "Go it, Bull! Get out if you can. If you can get out, we'll let you."

## Humorists of the Pencil

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with that publishing house provided experience of immense service in his subsequent career. Drawing direct on the wood, he had not as yet thought of turning to cartooning, and it was almost by accident he was led into the work that has made his name so widely known these five-and-thirty years. He was associated with his friend and fellow-countryman, the late Charles Gibbons, a popular novelist in his day, in a journalistic enterprise which failed, and left him on what he calls "the bed rock." At this juncture, and acting on the suggestion of a friend, he submitted a cartoon to *Judy*, which was immediately accepted, and followed by a request for more. Thus began a long connection with a comic paper which, in its best days, was no unworthy rival to *Punch*. For nine years Mr. Proctor supplied the cartoons which were the chief feature of *Moonshine*, and he also did much of his best work for *Funny Folks* and *Fun*, all now, alas! passed away with the changing taste of the reading public.

## VIII.

### E. T. Reed.



DISTINGUISHED POLITICIANS: Do you want any models to-day, sir, please?

MR. E. T. REED supplies me with the only explanation that seems to meet the case as to why he is spending his life drawing comic pictures, when he might have been employed, as his father and his grandfather have been, in helping Britain to continue her ocean rule by designing warships at Sheerness. "I attribute my becoming a caricaturist, in preference to following other walks of art, to the fact that I fell over

the banisters at the age of five, and landed on my head in a marble hall; and this accident moulded my destiny, so to speak." Thus he writes to me, and as I have heard him say very much the same thing in a public lecture, it must be true! One could

## Humorists of the Pencil

wish, on the off-chance of similar happy results, that a good many accidents of this kind might happen.

On second thoughts I am rather glad that the subject of this sketch did not follow in the footsteps of his distinguished father, Sir Edward J. Reed, M.P. for Cardiff, who was chief Constructor of the Navy from 1863 to 1870, as he is so incurably whimsical that one trembles to think what might have happened with his elfish humour playing about the plans of a man-of-war. His mission seems to be to joke his way through life by making others laugh with him. Unlike most caricaturists, he cannot be esteemed a laughing philosopher, for laughter pure and simple, with never a suspicion of philosophy, is what he deals in. Yet he looks as staid and sober as a prosperous churchwarden in the prime of life.

The career of Mr. Edward Tennyson Reed is almost entirely bound up with the last sixteen years of *Punch*, as he became a contributor to that journal before he could be said to have won his spurs as a humorous artist in the open field of the Press. I confess never to having seen any of his work before I made its acquaintance in the pages of the great little hunchback. He tells me that he is anxious to forget his pre-*Punch* efforts—I had almost written "prehistoric," which would have been a gross perversion of the truth—but it would seem that his first published sketch appeared in *Society*, a weekly paper which has ceased to exist, but which should always have a kindly place in one's memory, as it printed the first story Mr. Israel Zangwill wrote, and the early drawings of Phil May. This sketch of Mr. Reed's appeared some time in the year 1888, but he has lost all recollection of what it was about.



[Punch.

THE MINISTERIAL "MIRROR OF VENUS."

(With profound apologies to Sir Edward Burn-Jones.)

["They had never known a Government, which, if he might use the language of the street, 'fancied' itself to the extent to which the present Government did. If he was to draw a fancy picture of the present Government, he should paint a plain woman admiring herself in a looking-glass. The instinct was there although Nature might have denied the proper conditions for its exercise."—Sir Harry Campbell-Bannerman's speech at Liverpool.]

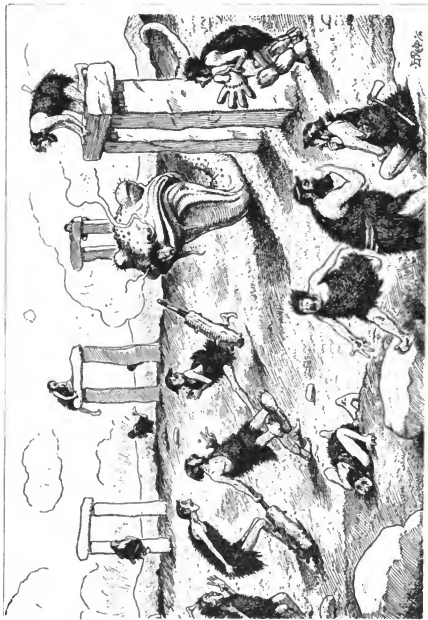
## Humorists of the Pencil

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It was in June of the next year that he contributed to *Punch* a drawing entitled "Special Commissioners Far From the Madding Crowd," wherein Justices Hannen, Smith, and Day, then deeply immersed in the affairs of the Parnell Commission, were seen enjoying themselves in a most unlikely fashion on Derby day. It is interesting to know that this was, in a real sense, Mr. Reed's probationary effort, a test of his qualifications for enrolment among *Punch's* merry men, as the subject had been set him by the editor, whose satisfaction with his new recruit was ratified by Mr. Reed's appointment to the permanent staff early in 1890.

Some short time before this, however, Mr. Reed had furnished a series of charming little pencil sketches for an illustrated edition of his father's well-known book on "Japan: its History, Religions, and Traditions." These illustrations he had drawn while touring through the East in 1880, and he waggishly states that they were "invested with artistic merit" by Mr. Whymper, the veteran wood-engraver, who "gave them a masterly appearance which quite turned the youthful head of the artist." At the time of his visit to Japan Mr. Reed was only twenty years of age, having been born in 1860, and had but recently left Harrow, where he achieved the distinction of playing in the school football eleven, and, presumably, acquired some education, although he makes no mention of that in his published confessions!

His little joke about the artistic aid rendered him by the wood-engraver touches a point of real importance to his work as an artist, for he is one of those who have gained very much



[/week.

PREHISTORIC PAPERS . A Cricket Match. "How's that, umpire?"

## Humorists of the Pencil

by the introduction of "process" engraving, the peculiarities of his style presenting many difficulties to the old method of transferring drawings to a printing block. Although his work is essentially original, and gives no obvious trace of any master, being, like that of Mr. Gould, a direct and unmistakable expression of himself, it is curiously allied to the style of the latter in the quality of line; but Mr. Gould would be the first to admit that Mr. Reed excelled him in draughtsmanship. He has an admirable instinct for the making of a picture, and his estimates of contrasts and harmonies in black-and-white seldom fail. Of late he has drawn almost exclusively in wash.

Although self-confessed, and popularly regarded, as a caricaturist, Mr. Reed, in common with most of the artists who are so described to-day, is not always, nor often, a maker of caricatures. I am not quite sure that he is even to be regarded as a cartoonist, for most of his drawings depend to some extent on their text to complete the understanding of them. Assuredly he is a humorist, and as an illustrator of humour he is not inadequately defined. Of course, we see something very like genuine caricature in his "Ready-made Coats-of-Arms," and there is a distinct touch of it in the delightful travesty of "The Mirror of Venus," which we reproduce; but it will be noted that the faces of the famous politicians who appear therein are rendered humorously, not caricatured. The clever personal sketch which heads this chapter is also in the same vein. It is indeed a "happy thought," and its artist, as he has depicted himself, wears the motley to perfection. Drawn before the



## E. T. Reed

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death of Sir William Harcourt, one of the subjects of Mr. Reed's kindly humour is now no more.

His most popular series of pictures, and that by which he is best known to the public, are his "Prehistoric Peeps," which began in *Punch* twelve years ago, and were issued in book form in 1896. These are extremely funny with that whimsical touch of which I have already spoken, yet only in a moderate degree do they approach to caricature ; while those equally amusing—and, from a technical point of view, superior—sketches of "Unrecorded History," one of which forms the frontispiece to this volume, although conceived in a spirit of caricature, are worked out with so little exaggeration of nature that they must be accepted as entirely humorous.

For some time past there has been a growing demand for humorous artists as lecturers, and I cannot imagine any whose success in this line has been so unqualified as Mr. Reed's during the last three or four years. He is a most accomplished speaker, and his quaint inverted views of things keeps his audience in a continual bubble of merriment. He pretends to be extremely nervous, but no one who has seen him with imperturbable features entertaining a large audience will readily believe that. I should add that Mr. Reed was one of the *Punch* artists who attended the Durbar, and I have listened with much amusement to his highly-coloured version of that historic event.



MAX BEERBOHM AS HE WOULD LIKE TO APPEAR.  
(By himself.)

## IX.

### Max Beerbohm.

THERE is really so small a proportion of the comic draughtsmanship of English artists that is properly to be regarded as caricature that it seems almost the very pedantry of criticism to single it out from the mass of first-class black-and-white art which, because it is humorous in conception, has come to be regarded loosely as caricature. But when we have to consider so unique a worker as Mr. Max Beerbohm it is necessary to draw a very distinct line between him and those brilliant draughtsmen to whose mastership of tech-

## Max Beerbohm

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nique he cannot advance the slightest rivalry, but few of whom approach him even remotely in the possession of that rare quality which makes the true caricaturist. It is a matter of temperament, personality, intellectual point of view ; and, as Mr. Beerbohm has proved in the most convincing manner, it can be exercised with full effect apart from any technical knowledge of drawing or even the natural gift for good draughtsmanship.

So distinguished an artist as Mr. Raven-Hill is by no means alone in admiring and extolling the work of this very remarkable young man, as it is noteworthy that most of our humorous artists whom the public call caricaturists and who are themselves quite aware that they have no real claim to be so regarded, are warm in their praise of Mr. Beerbohm's very original caricatures. Nine years ago the first collection of Max's drawings was published, "Caricatures of Twenty-five Gentlemen," with an introduction by Mr. Raven-Hill, in which that artist wrote : "Now Max is a caricaturist. For him man exists only to be caricatured and his possibilities revealed, no part of him, from his head to his heel, being more worthy of ridicule than another. If Max sees a little man with nothing particularly strange about him except a big moustache, he goes for that big moustache ; it becomes bigger and bigger, until it overwhelms everything else. Everything dwindles beside it, getting smaller and smaller in the right proportion." Mr. Raven-Hill also contends that although Mr. Beerbohm "can't draw," in the conventional meaning of the phrase, he has a charming freedom of line and some of his sketches are distinctly decorative. He goes on to say : "Since 'Ape' (Carlo Pellegrini) there has been no one with such an awful

## Humorists of the Pencil

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instinct for the principal parts of a man's appearance. Look at each of his caricatures, and see how one or two things in each are elaborated and magnified, and how slightly he deals with the rest. His instinct for style and character is wonderful. He gives you a savage epitome of a man's exterior, and, through that, the quintessence of the man himself. He is a psychologist in drawing if ever there was one."

In this connection it is worth while quoting from a very thoughtful study on caricature which appeared in the *Spectator* of May 14, 1904, apropos of Mr. Beerbohm's portfolio, "The Poets' Corner." The writer in the *Spectator* will not, and does not expect to find his opinions entirely endorsed; but he is right in thinking that Mr. Beerbohm's later work shows a feeling for beauty and a regard for decorativeness "which immensely enhances the effect he aims at producing." He says: "Mr. Beerbohm's work, it seems to us, has passed through several stages, not always entirely satisfactory, before reaching the extremely high level which he has attained in these drawings. He has always been first and foremost a caricaturist, but his caricatures up to the present have been to a considerable extent displeasing, because of a certain monstrousness in them which has repelled—not that this repellant property which they possessed was inconsistent with the true spirit of caricature. For, of course, in making men into monsters the caricaturist, if he can also combine other essentials with his monster-making, has logic on his side. The essence of caricature, he argues, is to convey to others the extreme impression of the man as it impinges upon the caricaturist's mind. When you see a man often, perhaps day by day—or even if you



[From "The Poets' Corner,"  
William Shakespeare: His Method of Work,

[To face page 70.

## Max Beerbohm

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only catch a single sudden glimpse of him—there is usually one predominant note which he strikes. It may be an aggressive chin, or an uplifted eyebrow, or a tilt in the angles of the face, or a peculiar forehead ; it may be, perhaps, no especial facial feature, but a general air of alertness, or despondency, or thinness, or redness. Whatever it may be, it is the province of the caricaturist to reproduce, first and foremost, that extreme impression, and to make all other points subsidiary to it. He sits down, therefore, to make his caricature, and as he sits, before his mind's eye one feature becomes insistent ; it grows and grows, until everything else is swallowed up in it. The nose is slightly tip-tilted, perhaps ; if that is the first thing that strikes the caricaturist, up goes the nose to Alpha Centauri, and the rest of the man does not matter, except that it must not draw attention away from the nose. Or there is, perchance, a certain catlike obliquity in the tilt of the eyes ; then every other feature must be shaded out of prominence to make the first insistent point of resemblance to a cat ; or the chin is prognathous, and then it must protrude until what urges itself on the spectator is not so much a man with a prognathous jaw, as a jaw to which a man's head and body are subservient furniture. All that is perfectly logical ; it is the extreme overloading of the salient characteristic which is the essence, the reason of the being, of caricature. But although it is the logical extreme of caricature, it is not, surely, caricature's highest form. It involves of necessity a certain savagery and monstrosity which, simply because nothing that is high is first and foremost savage or monstrous, cannot belong to the highest form of any province of art."

## Humorists of the Pencil

Mr. Beerbohm himself, discussing the subject not long ago, pointed out that "in England caricature is an exotic, and to really appreciate the charm, the beauty, the humour of a caricature, one must belong to the Latin races, and have the buoyant, genial spirit of the south." Whether Mr. Beerbohm has inherited this spirit by reason of any Latin strain in his blood, I cannot say, but there it is emphatically in all his work, and no French or Italian caricaturist excels him in evidence of it.

I am not prepared to agree with him when he says that to study drawing is the most effectual way to kill the sense of caricature; for assuredly Pellegrini knew how to draw, and many of the finest Continental caricaturists are brilliant draughtsmen. But rather is the true reason to be found in the fact that the caricature sense is absent from the British public, and the art with us has been so largely applied to political propaganda—in which the necessity to ensure the ready appeal of a drawing calls for fairly accurate portraits of the personalities introduced—that our humorous artists, probably against their own inclinations, have been forced to modify their satirical representations of public characters. Ordinary portraiture and caricature are quite incompatible, being indeed mutually destructive; yet caricature in its proper sense is the most effective of all portraiture, since it seizes upon and registers boldly the salient features of the character depicted.

For example, Mr. Rudyard Kipling has never had a better portrait, or one which enshrined so caustic a criticism of the man, than the cartoon of him having "a bloomin' day aht, on the blasted 'eath, along with Britannia, 'is gurl," which, by the



[From "The Poets' Corner,"

Mr. Rudyard Kipling takes a bloomin' day aht, on the blasted 'eath, along with  
Britannia, 'is gurl.

[To face page 72.





## Max Beerbohm

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courtesy of the publisher, I am permitted to reproduce from Mr. Beerbohm's portfolio, "The Poets' Corner." The heavy under-jaw, the poise of his glasses, the aggressive moustache, are all instinct with truth though deftly exaggerated, while the grotesque *abandon* of the figure arm-in-arm with a muscular Britannia who wears the poet's bowler while he has donned her classic head-piece and blows a tin trumpet vigorously, is the late Robert Buchanan's famous criticism of Kipling's Hooliganism at a glance. We need not agree with the point of view; the caricaturist has succeeded entirely if he has made it apparent, and Max never fails to convey his meaning. All the caricatures in this audacious and unique collection are eminently characteristic of the artist and his work; be it a grotesque Shakespeare receiving the MS. of *Hamlet* from an absurdly comic Bacon, or an extravagant Ibsen greeting a quaint travesty of William Archer in the Norwegian's drawing-room, they move us to mirth inevitably, and leave us marvelling that an antic pen should still express something that approximates so near to actuality.

"Our Only Caricaturist" was born in London on August 24, 1872, and is a younger half-brother of Mr. Beerbohm-Tree. He was educated at Charterhouse and Merton College, Oxford, and has written with as much disregard for the conventions of the craft of letters as he has shown for those of art, his first book being blandly described as "The Works of Max Beerbohm," and given to the world with delightful effrontery as a classic!

## C. E. Brock.



C. E. BROCK.  
(By himself.)

EVERY year, as the Christmas publishing season comes round, one observes numerous announcements of new books, or more often reprints of old favourites, which are "illustrated by Mr. C. E. Brock." Indeed, this clever artist has only one rival to the distinction of being the most popular illustrator of books; and there is also a certain resem-

blance of style, or rather of their notions of character, to be detected in the drawings of Mr. Gordon Browne and Mr. Brock, though the latter exhibits a greater appreciation of pen-and-ink effects than does Mr. Brown, who seems, somehow, to be

## C. E. Brock

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influenced by the older ideas of draughtsmanship for wood-engraving. Of the two, Mr. Brock has, perhaps, the keener sense of humour, and certainly the indefinable quality which enables an artist to inform the features of his characters with that true comic sense which should never be absent from good humorous drawings. Nothing is more melancholy than to look at the dismal unamusing faces with which so many of our would-be comic artists endow their figures.

When one contemplates the great mass of work which Mr. C. E. Brock has produced during the last ten years or so, it is surprising to learn that he is still in his early thirties, having been born at Holloway in the year 1870. Young though he is, he has yet had sufficient opportunity to have had a more varied career than he is able to claim. He himself informs me that his artistic career has been "a most uninteresting one," and, to be quite frank, this is, in a manner, true, as it has been one of uniform and steady success. No romantic stories of struggling days are associated with the record of his life; but, although presenting few points to allure the biographer in search of picturesque detail, it is still just such a life as most of us would like to have led.

Mr. Brock was born in a family of remarkable artistic gifts, and heredity undoubtedly counted for much in the choice of his life-work. He tells me that he cannot remember any time when he was not able to draw; but, nevertheless, he is not to be included among those of our popular artists who are entirely self-taught. On leaving Holloway at a very early age, he went to stay with his people at Cambridge, where he has resided ever since, and as soon as he had left school, he went to work there in

## Humorists of the Pencil

the studio of Mr. Henry Wiles, a sculptor, who in his student days at the R. A. schools had taken the gold medal and travelling studentship.

From this excellent tutor, Mr. Brock had all his drawing lessons, or practically all the instruction he has ever had in his life. This means, of course, that he is in a large measure a self-applied artist, as such experience as he received in the sculptor's studio was not entirely calculated to equip him for his work in pen draughtsmanship. Some critics may flatter themselves that in Mr. Brock's statuesque women and splendidly-proportioned men they can detect a hint of his early association with the art of the sculptor.

Mr. Brock's first published work was in book-illustrating, his initial attempt in this direction being the drawings for a humorous work entitled, "The Parachute and Other Bad Shots," which was brought out a good many years ago by Messrs. Routledge. Merely to mention a representative selection of the books which he has since illustrated would be to occupy a great deal more space than is available for the present chapter. One recollects especially those charming drawings of his, both in line and in water-colour, which illustrated the beautiful edition of Jane Austen's novels, published by Messrs. Macmillan some years ago. Here he was associated with two other artists, also curiously like himself in style and feeling, their resemblances being the more pronounced by the fact that they were all engaged in depicting characters of the same period. I refer of course to Mr. Hugh Thompson and to Mr. H. M. Brock, the latter of whom is usually more decorative in his style than Mr. C. E. Brock, who, however,



[Punch

THE VICAR'S DAUGHTER: Awfully cold, isn't it, Mrs. Muggles?  
MRS. MUGGLES: Yes, my dear. But, blessye, I'm lovely and warm.

## Humorists of the Pencil

can be as decorative when he chooses. Both are noted for their confident command of line ; but Mr. Hugh Thompson, on the other hand, is inclined perhaps to a little daintier treatment, and a somewhat freer line, while he also is more often engaged in the pursuit of beauty than in the illustration of humour.

So much of Mr. Brock's energy having gone to the illustrating of books, his work for the pictorial magazines has not been so voluminous as that of many of his contemporaries. We have to seek for it chiefly in the pages of *Punch*, to which, during the last few years especially, he has been a very frequent contributor. There, his drawings are always distinguished by their finished nature, their picture qualities, as well as by their unfailing humour and perfect draughtsmanship. With what charming grace he can render the modern lady, and with what accuracy he can hit off the characteristics of the country bumpkin. Universality is, in fact, admirably represented by his drawings, as no type of character seems to come amiss to his graceful pencil.

He is not one who has had recourse to the invention of a type, and to dependence upon the recurrence of that type in different situations for his humour. No subject embarrasses him ; he renders all with truthfulness, and with great technical accuracy.

Furthermore, his pictures, as a rule, are thoroughly interpretative of the legend, and apart from the "cackle," as artists call it, are charged with the humour of the situation he has sought to present to us. Certainly Mr. C. E. Brock has earned a prominent place among the leading humorous artists of the day.



[Punch.]

FAIR CYCLIST: Can you direct me to Higham Upley, please?

RUSTIC: You've only got to folter yer nose, Miss; but you'll find it up'll work!

*C. E. Brock*  
1892



## XI.

### Tom Browne.



TOM BROWNE.  
(By himself.)

THE reader who is not acquainted with evidences of Mr. Tom Browne's art must indeed be a singularly unobservant person, as it would be far easier to mention the papers for which this brilliant young draughtsman has *not* drawn, than to enumerate those in which his work has appeared during the last ten years.

Beginning with sketches for *Scraps* seventeen years ago, he has since won his way with remarkable speed into all the high-class weeklies, and for some years has been one of the outside contributors to *Punch*. Although one may judge that nature shaped him for an artist, it would seem that the stress of circumstances more than the bent of his mind was responsible for his adopting the class of work whereby his name is most familiar to the public.

He was an errand lad in Nottingham at an age when many

## Tom Browne

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a boy is already at an art school, and his native impulse artwards had for some years to be satisfied with the inglorious tasks of an apprentice to a lithographer and the designing of labels for cigar boxes. But talent will out, and when only seventeen years of age he had the pleasure of finding that he could draw to the satisfaction of the editor of the penny weekly "comic" aforesaid; this, too, at the suggestion of a friend. He confesses that to this day he keeps this maiden sketch, of which he was once so sinfully proud, locked up in a secret drawer, and whenever he feels a mood of overweening self-esteem coming on he takes it from its hiding-place and gazes upon it to keep him humble. "It is my sackcloth and ashes!" he says waggishly. For all that, it was a beginning, and as the first step in his career as a black and white artist, perhaps Mr. Browne would admit in all seriousness that he has rather tender memories of this first published drawing. To the provincial youth the reward for this work, compared with the pay of a lithographer's apprentice, was princely, and one can conceive him with the first cheque in his hand saying, "We will continue!" Comic sketches were wanted, comic sketches brought ready money, and young Tom Browne could supply the one and greatly required the other, so there you see him taking zestfully to the business.

These early sketches of his, as I remember them, were neither better nor worse than square yards of the same thing then, and still appearing in the cheap comic weeklies. But it is well to remember, when noting how immensely his work has improved, that he has been steadily educating himself in his art while finding a ready market for his productions. He has practised and

## Humorists of the Pencil



[Weekly Telegraph.

"In other people's shoes." Sir Henry Irving.

reached towards perfection, with the financial encouragement of his editors. In a sense the illustrated papers have been his school of art, and their readers have delightedly watched his progress. But it was really as a painter in colours that Mr. Browne began his artistic career. To excel as a painter was his earliest ambition, as it is still the chief aim of his art. Of training in the ordinary sense of the word he has had but little, and is almost entirely self-taught. He attended a local art school in his native town for two terms, but to one of his temperament the routine and restraints of such an institution

## Tom Browne

did little to increase his zeal for his chosen profession, and in company with some kindred spirits he worked for a time in what he calls "a commonwealth studio," the Bohemian conditions of which gave full scope for the individual expression of each artist's gifts. It was, however, due to his success in black and white that the young artist, whose work was now meeting with ready acceptance from many editors, could venture to remove to London in 1895.

Alongside of his bread-and-butter work, as without offence we may call his earlier sketches for the



(Weekly Telegraph.

"In other people's shoes." Max Beerbohm.

## Humorists of the Pencil

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popular papers, the young artist was steadily working with his brush and palette; and in 1897 he had the satisfaction of finding a painting of his admitted to Burlington House. The next year he was elected to the Royal Society of British Artists, and in 1901 he was honoured by admission to the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours. Although our present concern is with his humorous work in black and white, we must recognise that, great as his success has been in this direction, and obvious as his talents are, his best work is to be found among his pictures of Dutch life. These display an intuitive sense of composition, a quick eye for strong colour effects, and are always touched with warm human feeling.

There is in Mr. Browne's humorous sketches something which appeals to each of us aside from all considerations of art. His outlook on life is so unfailingly cheery, and his drawings are so patently the outcome of the artist's high spirits, that we are won to laughter without thought of his methods. Exaggeration is certainly one of these, and a student of his work could readily tell a sketch of his if only the nose or a foot of one of the figures were disclosed to him. His noses and his feet are essential parts of his comic apparatus, and the mouths of his small boys—they are comically spacious beyond nature! A habit of throwing his backgrounds and minor figures into ghostly outline, and devoting all his care to the characters that express his humorous idea, does not help his sketches from the strict view of art, though its popular success cannot be questioned. There need be little hesitation in saying that his vogue with the public is due in large measure to the robust joy in life which his



In the Lobby: "Our Member."

[The Sketch.

[To face page 84.

## Tom Browne

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work always conveys, as well as to the general sense of the ludicrous and the delight which humanity takes in a practical joke—for many of Mr. Browne's comic pictures are essentially practical jokes illustrated.

One has a suspicion that, while he will continue to be a humorist of the pencil, he will more and more in the future occupy himself with his brush and palette. Mr. Browne is as popular personally as he is through his sketches, and is one of the liveliest members of the London Sketch Club. Four years ago he spent some time travelling and sketching in Spain—deserting for once his favourite Holland—and, not knowing anything of the language, he used his pencil to convey his wishes. He confesses to only one failure. Desiring an innkeeper to make some soup, he drew a rough sketch of a soup tureen ; but the innkeeper interpreted this by fetching him the biggest pail his establishment possessed !

## XII.

### John Hassall.



JOHN HASSALL.  
(By himself.)

MINNEDOSA is the name of a tiny prairie town, about one hundred and thirty miles westward of Winnipeg ; but the excelsior spirit of the West must have inspired its inhabitants from the way that the first shanty was erected, as more than a decade ago the town had an annual agricultural exhibition, and connected therewith was an "Art Department." More wonderful still, to encourage the amateur artists of that lone countryside, three prizes were awarded for the best pictures sent in. Now there came to this far

prairie town some seventeen years ago a young man who was starting life as a farmer, with a hankering after the graphic arts, so that to him the curious association of art and agriculture was at once a natural and a fortunate circumstance.



## John Hassall

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He sent three paintings to the exhibition, driving the nine miles from his farm into Minnedosa with the precious works packed in the bottom of his cart. The judges awarded him all the three prizes, the highest one being only some sixteen dollars. A year passed, and the art circles of Minnedosa were again fluttered by the same young man carrying off the three prizes. But when a third exhibition was preparing, the too-successful exhibitor was waited upon by a small deputation and asked if he would object to the Methodist parson's daughter receiving the first prize, as there was "a feeling in the town that public honours should not all go to one Englishman." He did not object; he had too keen a sense of humour not to fall in with the suggestion, and that year the first prize of the Minnedosa exhibition was bestowed upon the minister's daughter for a strikingly original painting of a "large blue jay on a vermillion sky." Oddly enough, the young farmer who in this way commenced his career as an artist at a little town whose name few people in England have ever heard, was destined to become in a very short time one of our foremost humorists of the pencil.

It was while in Canada, where, with his brother, he spent three years at farming, that Mr. John Hassall sent his first sketch to an English paper. This early effort of his appeared in the *Daily Graphic* of February 26th, 1890, and he tells me that although it was not intended to be humorous it did come out rather quaintly. Four years passed before his second drawing appeared, and this, in the *Sketch* of March 7th, 1894, struck that vein of broad and unctuous humour which he has worked so happily ever since, and which gives no slightest hint of petering out. Between

## Humorists of the Pencil

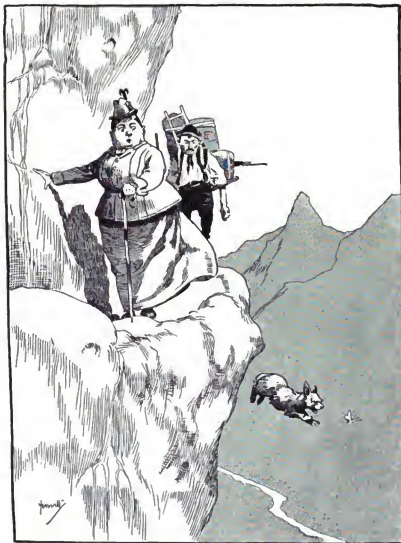
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these first two published sketches were sandwiched some three years of close study in the art schools of Antwerp and Paris, and his first success at Burlington House dates from the same season as that in which he commenced his connection with illustrated journalism.

Mr. Hassall, thus, in common with so many of our black-and-white men, set out to be a colourist, and despite his great success in simple line, I shall venture to suggest that we always see him at his very best when he is employing the pigments. He has a fine, true instinct for effective masses of flat colour, and some of his posters have been veritable triumphs of bold design and judicious contrasts. His individual touch is unmistakable, the quaint thickness of line, the strong shadow effects, and the generous rotundity of form and features with which he so often endows his subjects, are all unlike the methods of any of his contemporaries.

But more important from our present point of view than any question of mere technique is Mr. Hassall's sterling sense of humour. His sketches are invariably humorous of themselves, and the legend beneath them, though it may be the most excellent of jokes, is at best an interpretation of the picture wherein the whole humour of the situation is disclosed by the pencil of the artist. One of Du Maurier's drawings would have served equally well for fifty of his jokes ; not so Mr. Hassall's. Of course, no comparison is intended between the work of the two artists so differently excellent, but I do suggest that we laugh at Mr. Hassall's picture as well as at his joke, and indeed at the picture first.

## John Hassall



THE DOG THAT DIDN'T.  
"Come back, Fido."

[The Sketch.

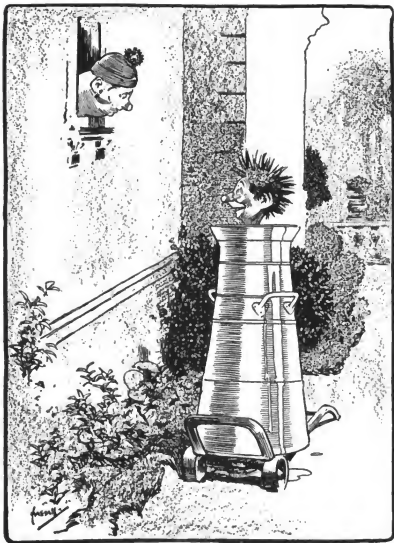
## Humorists of the Pencil

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He finds his subjects chiefly in those humble ranks of life which the late Phil May portrayed in his own inimitable way. The ragged vagabonds of London streets, the delightful and interminable procession of City boys, the muffin men, dustmen, street artists, ice-cream vendors—these and their like among the lowly ones of society are the favourite exercise of his pencil. It may not be humorous to be poor, but somehow there is more real humour next door to poverty than in the marble halls of the west. Phil May had a *penchant* for depicting drunken men, and wonderfully did he display the comic side of our saddest national evil; but Mr. Hassall has a wider range of subjects, or at least is less partial to any, though I think him least successful when drawing women and girls. It is his chief merit that his most palpably humorous effects are obtained entirely without any attempt at burlesque. He does not exaggerate, but accentuates the features which render a face or a figure of humorous appearance.

Between the designing of posters, children's picture-books, and book covers, supplying illustrations for most of our humorous writers, and his work on the *Sketch*, Mr. Hassall must be one of the busiest men in London; yet he moves through life with a charming disregard of the pressure of modern business, and if we may judge by his always happy face he finds the world a good place to live in. He was born thirty-seven years ago, receiving his early education at Newton Abbot College, Devon, and at Heidelberg, after which came the Canadian interlude as already told. The rest we know. Mr. Hassall has, indeed, come quickly into his kingdom. One finds it difficult to believe it is less than twelve

John Hassall



THE HEAT WAVE.

[The Sketch.

"I said come *with* the milk, not *in* it."

## Humorists of the Pencil

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years since he commenced his career as a humorist of the pencil, and that only six years ago his first illustrations for a book appeared in "A Cockney in Arcadia," when we think of the numerous works now advertised as "Illustrated by John Hassall."

### XIII.

## William Ralston



WILLIAM RALSTON.

(By himself.)

ALTHOUGH of late years we have not had so many evidences of his activity as we could wish, Mr. William Ralston is entitled to an honoured place in any survey of our humorists of the pencil; and it is good to know that he is now, as of yore, devoting himself entirely to humorous draughtsmanship. He is one of the

three Scottish artists included in this series who have been noted for their contributions to *Punch*; but Mr. Ralston has done more in the service of that journal than either Mr. Halkett or Mr. Boyd, and at an earlier period in its history, for he was quite a young man when Shirley Brooks invited him to exercise his pencil on behalf of Mr. Punch. "I remember," says Mr. Ralston, "how in walking down to business that day I tried to look unconscious of my greatness, and mentally determined that it would make no difference in my bearing."

## Humorists of the Pencil

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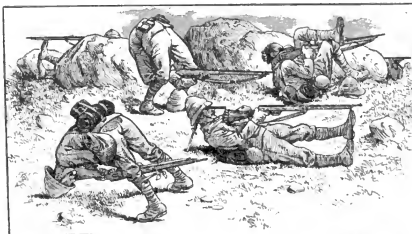
The artist was born at the village of Milton, near the historic town of Dumbarton, and had the usual "poor but honest" forbears. He tells me that in his circle art was thought to be something like drink, and when a young man fell under its spell his parents were the subjects of neighbourly sympathy and commiseration. Hence, if he had any inclination that way it was not likely to be encouraged, and perhaps the fact that he had a grand-uncle, who was a great warehouseman and attained to Scottish ideas of dignity by becoming a member of Parliament and Lord Provost of Edinburgh, did not help to smooth his way to art. He was apprenticed to the same business that had brought riches to his relative, and at the end of four years, during which he was continually getting into trouble for sketching on the walls, he quitted the Glasgow warehouse with as much knowledge of the trade as he had when he entered it. As a youth of seventeen he tried his luck in Australia; but, still aimless in his pursuits, he was back in Glasgow at the age of twenty-two, assisting his father in the latter's business of photography.

Meanwhile, a younger brother, who had given evidence of unusual ability, and who met with more domestic encouragement artwards, had blossomed into an artist of great promise. Mr. Ralston has said that he was not fit to blacken the "artistic boots" of his brother, who "bade fair to be a great artist had he lived." But the influence which the younger exerted on the elder's life was most important, for Mr. Ralston has told me that he used to try to copy his brother's style, and that, with the exception of a month or two at an evening drawing school, was all his training as an artist. "I may say, however," he adds,



## William Ralston

"it is not a method of study I can recommend." His brother used to get work to do from some of the leading publishers, and William would send some specimens of his own drawings out with those of his brother, thus gradually forming connections.



*By W. Ralston.*

*[The Graphic.]*

### THE WAY TO SHOOT: A SUGGESTION MADE AFTER A STUDY OF ATTITUDES AT BISLEY.

"Accurate shooting is only to be obtained by placing one's self in a very uncomfortable attitude—at least so it appears if we may judge from the positions taken by some of the competitors at Bisley. Ought not our soldiers to be trained to shoot in some of the postures suggested in my sketch? We might then hear less criticism of Tommy's prowess with the rifle, for all marksmen nowadays scorn the old-fashioned standing or kneeling positions."

But his first real encouragement came from Shirley Brooks, and his association with *Punch* continued to be intimate until the death of Tom Taylor, who succeeded Brooks in the editorship.

Mr. Spielmann says of him that "his drawings at first were very hard; but the point of humour was invariably good, and the Scottish 'wut' equal to that of the best man who ever drew

## Humorists of the Pencil

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for the paper. He improved rapidly, and contributed in all 227 drawings, initials, and 'socials.' At the death of Tom Taylor, Mr. Ralston's contributions ceased, only one more from his pencil ever appearing in the paper. It was partly because Mr. Ralston became a busy *Graphic* artist, and partly because the editor was in search of new blood; but the only time Mr. Ralston made his post-Taylorian appearance in *Punch*—that was not 'old stock'—was with an article in the Sandford and Merton style, directed against the Duke of Bedford and the Bloomsbury gates. This little attack constitutes Mr. Ralston's sole contribution to the literature of the age."

He had, however, drawn for the *Illustrated London News* and many of Messrs. Cassell's serial publications before the late William L. Thomas, the founder of the *Graphic*, invited him to London. That was over thirty years ago, and Mr. Ralston considers it the real beginning of his art career and of a connection which was a great deal more than that of employer and employee, and which still continues under the reign of Mr. Carmichael Thomas, who succeeded his father in the control of the great pictorial weekly. It has been in the pages of the *Graphic* that the best work of Mr. Ralston's pencil has appeared, and there must be few who are not familiar with his delightfully humorous drawings of big game hunting in India and other misadventures in the field of sport, as he is generally chosen to give pictorial expressions to suggestions which are sent in by readers abroad for pages of this kind. Mr. Spielmann's criticism of his earlier work is just, and we must not look into the pages of *Punch* for choice examples of his art; but in his long list of contributions

# William Ralston



By W. Ralston.

**BOUNDERS ABROAD:**  
English People who are disliked on the Continent.

[The Graphic.

## Humorists of the Pencil

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to the *Graphic* we may find many drawings of his worthy to be included among the best specimens of contemporary black and white. His drawing is always accurate, his portraiture charged with character and humorous expression, his lines vigorous and purposeful. In all his best work there is also the unmistakable impress of the man, an individual touch. He is one who believes that although the new school of black-and-white artists is good, and indeed better than the old, in the technique of drawing, it does not encourage sufficiently the expression of each artist's own personality, and he considers that the individual touch, even when it is not altogether good, adds interest and variety. One may sniff heresy in such an opinion, but there is much to be said for this view of pictorial humour.

Mr. Ralston has in his time done almost every variety of illustrating, and has "inv't et del'ed" many books, chiefly of a humorous nature; one of his more recent works being a series of admirable drawings for an illustrated "Tam o' Shanter." He made a rather ill-advised move when, on the death of his father, he returned to Glasgow to carry on the latter's photographic business; for his output in recent years has thus been greatly restricted, and when so much that is feeble and characterless in pictorial humour meets with acceptance to-day, it is a pity that one who is essentially a humorist and a draughtsman of real power should not have been giving to this delightful art the full measure of his abilities. Happily Mr. Ralston is again established in London, and we may look for more frequent evidence of his pencil in the future than we have had in past years.

#### XIV.

### Cynicus (Martin Anderson).



"CYNICUS."  
(By himself.)

THE artist who has achieved for himself a reputation that may fairly be described as world-wide, under the name of "Cynicus," occupies a position that is unique in more ways than one. It is unique because Mr. Martin Anderson is, in his methods and his gifts, absolutely unlike any other caricaturist; and again because, while he himself is essentially a Bohemian, he is the only artist of our time whose handiwork has been exploited with such

brilliant commercial success that a limited company, employing more than a hundred workers, is engaged solely in placing reproductions of his pictures on the market. Indeed, the story of "Cynicus" is worthy of being written at length as a romance of modern art publishing. But for the present we can concern

## Humorists of the Pencil

ourselves with only a few of the outstanding features of his career.

Some fourteen years ago an unknown artist, hailing from the northern kingdom, arrived in London, and taking possession of a little shop at 59, Drury Lane, which had been dedicated for years to the savoury dispensation of fried fish, he converted it into a studio and began operations. Scarcely the way to set the Thames on fire, you will think ; but behind the Bohemian exterior of this newcomer to artistic London there lurked considerable common-

sense of the shrewd Scottish variety, and presently the end had justified the means. If the Thames still ran cold beneath its bridges, "the Town" at least was agog with gossip about the remarkable work that was issuing from the studio of "Cynicus" in Drury Lane. More, the unknown artist had, on the strength of his first book of caricatures and rhymes, entitled "The Satires of Cynicus," published in 1890, become a personage of note among London's millions, and the converted fish shop



[Cynicus Publishing Co.]

## Cynicus (Martin Anderson)

was the meeting place of many of the most eminent people in London, who gathered there each week when Cynicus was "At Home."

The artist who in this unusual way came into eminence was born at the little Fifeshire town of Leuchars in 1854, and one who was at school with him tells me that from earliest boyhood Martin



[Cynicus Publishing Co.]

Anderson loved to draw caricatures, his slate being more often filled with comic portraits of the teacher and his playmates than the lawful pencillings of the diligent scholar. On leaving the local school, he went to Madras College, St. Andrews, where his formal education was completed; and soon after quitting the ancient university town he removed to Glasgow, whither his family had gone to live. Here he was apprenticed for seven years to a designer, and at the evening classes of the School of Art he was

## Humorists of the Pencil

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an enthusiastic student. His bent towards caricature did not prevent him from devoting much of his time to landscape painting, and at nineteen he became an exhibitor at the Glasgow Art Galleries. It was his work in line, however, that he found most readily acceptable, and he became a frequent contributor of humorous drawings to the local press, the germs of some of his most famous caricatures having appeared in the pages of *Quiz*. "The Transit of Venus," a satire of singular power, in which a drunken virago is being carried on a stretcher by two policemen to the lockup, was suggested by a sight that is all too familiar in the streets of Glasgow. His work attracting the attention of Sir John Leng, of the *Dundee Advertiser*, the young artist was invited to become the staff artist of that paper and its associated publications in Dundee, where he spent a considerable number of years, doing all kinds of newspaper illustration, before he decided upon his descent on London.

But, as I have said, Mr. Anderson was quite unknown to the gods of Fleet Street when he came south. In Glasgow and Dundee there may have been a few who guessed of his genius, though I have a suspicion that he was alone in thinking he could command the attention of London. When "The Satires of Cynicus," beautifully coloured by hand, first appeared at one guinea and speedily increased in price to six times that sum, it was seen that a caricaturist of extraordinary power and striking originality had arisen in the land. In his preface to that remarkable book he wrote, "Cynicus asks no favour, is no partisan; independent and unbiassed, he looks with impartial eye on the follies and corruptions of his time. Unknown and unaided, but with firm

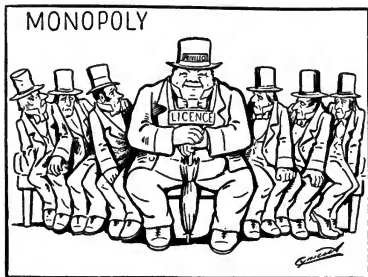


## Cynicus (Martin Anderson)



A LAW SUIT.

[From "The Satires of Cynicus."]



[From "Symbols and Metaphors."]

## Humorists of the Pencil

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purpose, he launches his satires on a world of dissimulation and deceit, where, alas !

" Virtue's at a discount,  
Truth is under par,  
Honesty's a scarcity,  
Wealth is better far.

" Knavery's commendable,  
Cheating is no sin,  
He is the true philanthropist  
Who *takes* the stranger in.

" But where, perchance, some honest kindly heart  
While smiling at his fancies, yet may say—  
He acts no snarling, mean, or churlish part  
Who fain would laugh the follies of the world away."

To such he dedicated his book, and on looking again through its pages one is not surprised at the immediate success which attended the work and led to many others of a similar kind. The attraction of these satires was twofold ; while the simple strength of the drawings was manifest even to those whose knowledge of technique did not enable them to judge how admirable was the draughtsmanship, the little verses with which so many of the pictures were associated proved Cynicus to be a satirist for whom one had to go back to the latter half of the eighteenth century for comparisons. With the spirit of a Churchill he lashed the follies of his time, and with something of the powers of a Hogarth or a Rowlandson, but imitating neither, he expressed his satirical fancies in the most effective outline, his perfect sense of colour adding to his drawings (which he filled in with his brush) a heightening touch of charm.

Presently, when the rich had enjoyed the first taste of his art, Cynicus made his appeal to the great public, and hand-coloured reproductions of his cartoons, among which "The Band of Hope" (a row of patient anglers waiting for a bite), was a first

Cynicus (Martin Anderson)

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*Cynicus* "They toil not neither do they spin,  
yet Solomon in all his glory, was not  
arrayed like one of these"

[Cynicus Publishing Co.]

## Humorists of the Pencil

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favourite, were to be seen in the windows of printsellers everywhere, with laughing groups of passers-by enjoying the humour and satire thus dispensed. The Cynicus Publishing Company soon outgrew the accommodation of Drury Lane; and Mr. Anderson, breaking the time-honoured tradition of the Scot who comes to London, returned to his native heath, and at the town of Tayport set up a studio for the production of his work, the demand for which has steadily increased. His method was to have his drawings reproduced in simple outline and coloured by a staff of girl workers especially trained by himself, who copied with remarkable fidelity his own original. But he revised each cartoon thus produced, adding a few finishing touches before he signed it as ready for the market. The development of the pictorial postcard craze has proved a most fortunate thing to Mr. Anderson, and now the Cynicus Publishing Company, which was floated as a limited liability concern some years ago, occupies a large and well-equipped building at Tayport, and is occupied almost exclusively in circulating by the million colour reproductions of his cartoons in the form of picture postcards.

Mr. Anderson, who is a man of much personal charm, has built himself a wonderful mansion at the little village of Balmullo, some six miles from Tayport, where he has a studio forty-five feet in length and lighted by eleven large windows; and there, between his pictures and his garden, he divides his time when he is not travelling. Surely, you will admit, I am justified in saying that Cynicus has attained to a unique position among contemporary artists. To add to the oddity of his career, he has become a member of the Tayport Town Council.

## Cecil Aldin.



CECIL ALDIN.  
(By himself.)

AMONG the artists of to-day whose work recalls, either in subject or treatment, the inimitable animal pictures of Randolph Caldecott, there need be no hesitation in naming first and most favourably, Mr. Cecil Aldin. He is, both in respect to the choice of his subjects, and, though in a lesser degree, to the qualities of his pen-work, no unworthy successor of that great interpreter of the humours of animal life and the delights of the hunting-field. But he is in no sense an imitator, as his

black-and-white sketches have always been characterised by a strong and original personality, and the comparison with Caldecott springs rather from a fellowship of temperament than any exterior resemblances. No one who is familiar with the

## Humorists of the Pencil

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productions of Mr. Aldin's pencil or his palette needs to be told that love of country life and of the so-called "lower animals" stirs strongly in his blood. He is, indeed, one of our gayest and most trustworthy guides to the fragrant realm of Out-of-doors, so far as that can be disclosed to us by means of the illustrated page.

The man himself is unusually suggestive of his work, and, allowing for the license of the avowed humorist, the clever sketch of himself which he has made for this book very happily registers his personal characteristics. You will remark that he has given himself a somewhat "horsey" appearance, and truthfully he is in person somewhat reminiscent of the hunting field. He is an excellent type of the clean-limbed, unaffected Englishman, lithe of figure, with sharply cut features; cheery and buoyant in disposition—therein like all the hard workers I know. In sending me this little sketch he observes, "The chief feature about me is my beautiful, ruddy, golden hair." And he adds, "this picture must not be used for any 'Types of English Beauty' series without special permission." He has indicated the tint we should have to apply to his hair did we desire to reproduce the drawing in colours, but really I do not think his mother was unduly striving after a picturesque evasion when she "fondly termed it auburn!"

Mr. Aldin, although he might have been reasonably described as famous any time during the last six or seven years, is still a very young man, as he was born at Slough no further back than April, 1870. Perhaps it was the geographical position of his birthplace that brought the name of the royal town into his christening—Cecil Charles Windsor Aldin. In his early boyhood his family



EASIER SAID THAN DONE.

SIXTEEN-STONE SPORTSMAN (who has been nearly put down from a "rotten" landing, to Little Bricks, pnt. 2):  
 "Do you mind putting me back in the saddle, sir?"

[To face page 108.





## Cecil Aldin

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lived in Kensington, and he seems to have taken to drawing precipitately, though there was no hereditary instinct in his case. His father's tastes leaned more to literature than to art, but his library contained at least one volume of sketches by Caldecott, and he (Mr. Aldin) has said that the delight with which he studied its pages had a most important influence on his early efforts in draughtsmanship; in fact, he avows Caldecott his master.

An unusual degree of shyness in drawing before others, either critical or sympathetic, resulted in his being a by-no-means distinguished art student, although he "believes" that he once carried off a second-grade certificate for model drawing at South Kensington. With the strongest desire to excel in his studies, his self-consciousness produced in him a dislike for the drawing-class, and many a time he funk'd his set studies to wander the streets making sketches where the eyes of the art master could not embarrass him. This was, in all likelihood, as profitable a form of truancy to him as that practised by R. L. S. in the days when he was supposed to be a student at Edinburgh University was to the famous romancer. But at length he had to brace himself for a course of very serious training, when he entered the studio of the late Albert Moore. One cannot imagine that that master of the classic school could do much for one whose tastes were so opposed to his, and, indeed, Mr. Aldin has said, "I cannot say that he influenced me very much, as his methods were entirely dissimilar, although probably excellent in their way, from any I have ever employed." At South Kensington he studied anatomy for a time, and then, for three years, he came under the tuition of

## Humorists of the Pencil

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Frank Calderon, at Medhurst. This was, no doubt, the most formative period of his training, and he recalls his intense pleasure on winning the praises of his master's father, the celebrated P. H. Calderon, R.A., who became keeper of the Royal Academy in 1887.

The beginning of Mr. Aldin's career as an illustrator was as recent as 1891, when he was fortunate enough to place a sketch of the annual dog show at the Agricultural Hall with the editor of the *Graphic*, and from that day onward his pencil has regularly enriched the pages of our leading pictorial journals with innumerable pictures, in which all manner of domestic animals, including those of the human kind, have figured both seriously and humorously. It is the great merit of his animal studies that the creatures depicted are always essentially animals. By this I mean that he does not seek his humorous effects by humanising the features of his dogs or cats. With a few deft and telling touches of line he can give a puppy the most amusing expression and still remain true to canine nature ; indeed, without sacrificing one iota of natural character he can make such difficult subjects as cocks and hens take on an expression that is irresistibly humorous.

His qualities of line, too, are wholly admirable, and by a judicious use of strong blacks he imparts to all his pen-work a rich feeling of colour. Some of his best examples in this line are to be found in the series of charming illustrations he supplied for Mr. Kipling's "Jungle Stories" when these appeared in the *Pall Mall Budget*. "The Fallowfield Hunt" was a series of vivacious sketches, in which the bright humour and brilliant crafts-



BY THE SILVER SEA.  
This is *not* Jones's Dog.

[Punch.

[To face page 110.



## Cecil Aldin

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manship of the artist are seen at their best. As a colourist, Mr. Aldin has been equally successful ; none excel him in the effective use of flat colour, some of his pictures, designed chiefly with an eye to the entertainment of young folk, being masterpieces of their kind. More recently he has been working a good deal in ordinary water-colours.

As becomes one who owes so much of his fame to the sympathetic portrayal of animal life, Mr. Aldin is a great lover of dogs and other pets of the household. Is he not known affectionately among his brethren of the brush and pencil as "Puppy" Aldin, on account of the number and variety of his fourfooted friends ? One of them, you will see, peeps out of his pocket in the sketch which accompanies this article. His delightful house at Bedford Park is known to his friends as the "Dogs' Home," and he himself has put on record : "My early passion for animals remains with me. If I have any claim to fame, it is that I am responsible for the first donkey-tandem driven in a certain London suburb. My monkey is a favourite with visitors and with street boys when he takes an airing with me on my bicycle."

XVI.

A. S. Boyd.



A. S. BOYD.  
(By himself.)

WHETHER it is to be regarded as evidence against Sydney Smith's theory, or as an apology for an alleged lack of humour in *Punch*, I must leave you to judge; but I believe it is a fact that a very considerable portion of "our only comic journal" has been in the past the work of Scotsmen. This refers, of course, to its literary side; though among its illustrators, Scotsmen have also had their place, and one of the best known artists whose pencil frequently embellishes its pages is an excellent type of the cannie Scot. I refer to Mr. A. S. Boyd, who first came into general notice when, fourteen years ago,

he joined the London staff of *The Graphic* and its daily issue.

But long before Mr. A. S. Boyd came up to the Mecca of art and journalism, he had made his early pen-name, "Twym," a household word in "the Second City of the Empire"—if you will allow Glasgow to bear that title. Londoners are apt to forget

## A. S. Boyd

that in many of our great provincial cities local journalism has reached a very high level of excellence, and still retains much of its own distinctive character, despite the overwhelming competition of the metropolitan press. In most of the large provincial centres one may find bright little papers which do for their districts what *Punch* may be said to do for the empire : satirise with pen and pencil the foibles and follies of the hour. Not a few of the men who have risen to distinction in London began their careers on some of these local papers.

Glasgow has always been well supplied with journals of this class, and two of the best it has had were *Quiz* and *The Bailie*, for both of which Mr. A. S. Boyd did an immense amount of good work. He was the staff artist of the former from its start in 1881 until he transferred his services to the latter in 1888, and I have a suspicion that *Quiz* began to decline from the day that "Twym's" delightful cartoons of the week's humours ceased to appear in its pages. *The Bailie*, however, possessed of more staying power, continues to thrive without him.

I do not suppose that many of my present readers will be acquainted with these early examples of an artist whose pencil has amused the thousands who see the widely-circulated journals in which his work now appears ; but I have a lively recollection of my own delight in his humorous interpretation of Scottish life and character in those now far-off days. Like most of our famous humorists, he found his subjects chiefly among the common people ; Glasgow's message boys and working-class folk were seen by him through the kindly eye of humour, and appeared in his pages in many a comic condition, but were never by any

## Humorists of the Pencil

chance caricatured. The best, perhaps, of all illustrators of Scottish character was himself an Englishman ; for I imagine that Charles Keene has never been equalled, certainly not excelled, in his humorous sketches of the Scots. Though Mr. A. S. Boyd has not the slightest resemblance to him in the matter of technique, many of Mr. Boyd's sketches in which his own countrymen figure recall something of Keene's humorous touch, simply because both are true to life. In his earlier work Mr. Boyd relied for his effects chiefly on strong and effective outlines with hardly any detail, and I am not sure that a good deal of his earlier work, of which a collection entitled "Glasgow Men and Women" is due to appear at the same time as the present book, was not marked by a certain quaintness and a stronger personal touch than I find in some of the more finished productions of his later years. But while so thinking, in nowise do I lose sight of the abounding good qualities of his *Punch* and *Graphic* pictures, in every one of which we see the hand of a true artist, whose feeling for expressive line and colour contrasts is no less marked than his admirable sense of composition.

Like so many of his brethren of the pencil, Mr. Boyd was led into that branch of art in which he has been so signally successful by practising it at first as a sort of relief from his work in water-colour. It is over fifty years since he was born in Glasgow, and while he commenced life as a bank clerk, painting was his hobby, comic sketching his pastime. Landscapes and domestic subjects were the favourites of his brush, and although he had only received a small amount of regular training in Glasgow he had the satisfaction of seeing his work in oils hung on the walls



## A. S. Boyd

of the Royal Scottish Academy and the Glasgow Institute while he still laboured at the dismal task of making entries in bank ledgers.

It will be understood that there is nothing of the prodigious



PULPIT SUPPLY -  
Monday morning. Richmond Emphus.

in Mr. Boyd's sober, steady advance to his present distinguished position when I state that he only abandoned his clerical work at an age when some of his fellow artists have already found themselves famous. At twenty-five he decided to make art his profession, and curiously enough it was not till then that he

## Humorists of the Pencil

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went in for the most important part of his artistic training, studying at life classes in Glasgow and in London for a while. About the same time—in 1879—he was chosen to illustrate the serial in *Good Words*, a magazine for which he has done in later years a great variety of admirable illustration in line and wash. It was in 1882 that he was elected a member of the Royal Scottish Water-Colour Society, and for a good many years his life was devoted to painting, his humorous sketches already mentioned being a sort of “comic relief” to his labours. The most ambitious work of his brush was a large picture of considerable dramatic power, representing an incident in the life of the poet Burns, exhibited at the Glasgow International Exhibition of 1889. Not long ago he was down in Dorset and passed the house of the gentleman who bought this work, which Mr. Boyd believes to have been more remarkable for its size than its quality. “No, I didn’t call; perhaps it was better not!” he said when recalling the circumstance. He is, indeed, one of the most modest of men, due perhaps to the fact that he has so strong a sense of the humorous—humour and vanity being deadly enemies.

The late Mr. W. L. Thomas, founder and director of *The Graphic*, had long had his eye on Mr. Boyd’s work, before he invited him to London in 1891, and indeed for some years before that time Mr. Boyd had been the Glasgow artist of that great pictorial paper. Since coming south he has practically abandoned the brush and palette, as the demand for his work in black and white absorbs all the energies of one of the most industrious of artists. Among the many books he has illustrated since settling

A. S. Boyd



[From "The Bailie" (Glasgow).]

## Humorists of the Pencil

in London one must make mention of his series of charming character sketches for R. L. Stevenson's "A Lowden Sabbath Morn," fragrant as these are with the very atmosphere of old Scots life, and his newly issued illustrations of "The Cotter's Saturday Night."



A JOTTING BY A. S. BOYD.

A home-loving man, Mr. Boyd, in company with his vivacious wife, has yet been bold enough to make a journey round the world, and the clever book, "Our Stolen Summer," in which Mrs. Boyd told the story of that tour, discovered to the reading public just five years ago the brilliant literary gift of that lady, long recognised by a wide circle of literary friends. Her novel, "With Clipped Wings," was one of the successes of 1902, and I think we may look for-

ward for many other happy products of Mr. and Mrs. Boyd's artistic and literary partnership.

XVII.

J. A. Shepherd.

ALL who are familiar with the periodical literature of the last ten or fifteen years must be acquainted with the very individual drawings of Mr. J. A. Shepherd. It is about fourteen years since

he began in the *Strand Magazine* his celebrated series of "Zigzags at the Zoo," which disclosed to all who might not have been previously aware of the fact, that an artist of strikingly original talent had arisen in the field of animal caricature. The newcomer was possessed of as high a



J. A. SHEPHERD AND SOME OF HIS MODELS.  
(By himself.)

## Humorists of the Pencil

sense of the humour of animal life as was shown in the work of the late Henry Stacey Marks, R.A., then immensely popular, and his dexterity of line and accuracy of draughtsmanship were no less remarkable than the academician's command of the brush and pigments.

Mr. Shepherd, however, had given earlier evidence of his very unusual abilities some years before he came into note with his "Zigzags." Born in London on November 29th, 1867, he studied as a youth for three years under the late Alfred Bryan, one of the most facile caricaturists of the Victorian period, and an undoubted master of black and white. The young artist's tastes were all for the study of animal life, and while Bryan's methods of draughtsmanship influenced and directed his technique, he wisely followed his own bent in the choice of a congenial field of work. After leaving the studio of his master he became a member of the staff of *Moonshine*, drawing regularly for that once popular journal, and also for *Judy*, *Cassell's Magazine*, and other illustrated periodicals before he became attached to the *Strand*, in some of the earliest issues of which he illustrated a few odd articles. But his first real hit was made with the series already mentioned, which ran for close on two and a half years, and achieved the widest popularity. To the same magazine he has contributed many another series, as, for example, "Fables," "Animal Actualities," and "The Arcadian Calendar," all being distinguished by the same fertility of invention and unflinching sense of humour.

It was on the strength of his "Zig-zags" that the editor of *Punch* invited Mr. Shepherd to draw for his pages in 1893, and



FROM "THE ARCADIAN CALENDAR";  
The Young Robins are putting on their Red Waistcoats.

JAS  
[The Strand Magazine.

## Humorists of the Pencil

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since then he has continued to be a frequent contributor to that paper. His pencil has also been frequently employed in the illustration of books, his most notable success in this line having been his quaintly original sketches for "Uncle Remus," in the edition published by Mr. Grant Richards in 1901, though some admirable specimens of his work are to be found in "Wonders in Monsterland," which appeared about the same time. By the kindness of the artist I am able to give an unpublished drawing from his illustrations to "Nights with Uncle Remus," which has not yet been issued in book-form.

Mr. Shepherd tells me that his preference is for "drawing bird character—not caricature." Yet one may say with surety that there is no living artist whose gift for the essential caricature of animal life is so unmistakable as his. This is as it should be, since caricature proper implies the subtlest understanding of character, and a study of Mr. Shepherd's work bears this out to the full. It must be obvious, even to those who have given no special study to his art, that the birds and animals which he draws are "actual" in every feature and detail, and even when they are travestied they retain much of their own character. This is the crucial test to which animal caricature can be submitted, and the point is worthy of some elaboration. A common fault of artists who essay the task of investing the lower orders with human characteristics is to humanise them, so that their features become not travesties of themselves but mere adaptations of human attributes. With the true insight which comes of his great love for and laborious study of animal life, Mr. Shepherd is never by any chance guilty of this mistake. Look at his comic kangaroos,





[In unpublished drawing for "Nights with Uncle Remus,"

"Who should he meet but ole Brer Buzzard,"

[To face page 122.



## J. A. Shepherd

his elephants or his hippopotamuses, his tortoises or his robins, indulging in all sorts of ridiculously human antics, and you will find that no matter how strongly, in pose and general expression, some comical resemblance to mankind is suggested, the essential features of the animal remain. Even a group of hyenas, holding their sides and laughing "like to burst," are so deftly treated by his wizard pencil that they still remain true to their species, and however much he may make a bear resemble in its bearing the paunchy personality of a City alderman, the drawing is still true to the nature of Bruin.

This gifted artist may indeed be described as *facile princeps* in the delightful field of humour which he has chosen to cultivate and for which he is so singularly gifted. Long may his quaint fancies and his dexterous pencil be devoted to the high service of public amusement.



From J. A. Shepherd's Sketch-book.

# XVIII.

## Starr Wood.



STARR WOOD.

(By himself.)

FOR fully ten years the signature of Mr. Starr Wood has been a familiar one in the pictorial press. It is only fifteen years since he got his first drawing published, so that he is to be ranked among the younger generation of humorous artists, despite the fact that he has a head of hair more suitable for

a man of seventy than for one of thirty-five. About eight years ago Mr. Wood's hair turned white from no apparent cause—

## Starr Wood

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certainly not from any mental distress, as he is an inveterate joker, and seems to enjoy life more lustily than most men. He even relishes the comic side of his snowy locks, and is much amused to find himself frequently treated with the deference due to a septuagenarian. *Apropos* of this personal oddity, he tells me a very funny story. "I had an old woman—whom I had discovered in the street—sitting to me as a model for a sketch I was making, and, much to my inconvenience, she kept turning her head and looking at me curiously while I was endeavouring to draw her profile. At length she blurted out, 'Excuse me, sir, but are you what they call an albumen?'"

There has been nothing very exciting in the career of Mr. Starr Wood; it is just a record of steady application to work and the developing of a natural gift for drawing, coupled with a healthy appreciation of the humorous side of things. He is a Londoner by birth, and was born on February 1st, 1870. His father was a civil servant in H.M. Customs, and his great-grandfather, Captain Starr Wood, was King's Pilot, from whom perhaps he inherits that love of the sea which I find entered under his "recreations" in *Who's Who*. His education took into consideration no possible use for any artistic ability with which he might have been endowed, and it was quite unconsciously that he gathered to himself experiences which he now recognises as of great value to him in his work.

At seventeen he entered the office of a chartered accountant, where he remained for five years, three of which he spent chiefly in travelling about London, making inquiries as to the financial standing of people, and "trying to collect debts from persons

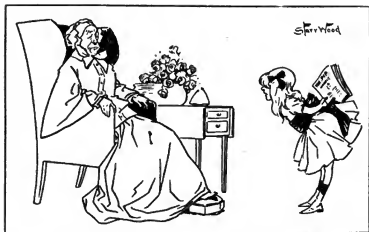
## Humorists of the Pencil

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who evidently had no money." Brought thus into contact with all sorts of people, from county court judges to poverty-stricken charwomen, and seeing all through the kindly eye of humour, he was doubtless doing more to furnish his mind with types of character on which one day to use his pencil than in qualifying for a successful accountant. The true humorist has too much sympathy with his fellow-beings to make a good debt collector, and a story Mr. Starr Wood once told me will illustrate my point. "I was sent," he said, "to collect eighteen shillings rent from a muffin baker with five children in a slum off Holloway Road. After telling me that they had had nothing to eat but stale crumpets for the last week, he took me to an upper room and asked me if I thought he could realise anything on the remnants of an umbrella that was fixed in a hole in the roof to keep the rain out." That muffin man must have been a fellow-humorist, and we can suppose that the youthful rent-collector did not press for the eighteen shillings.

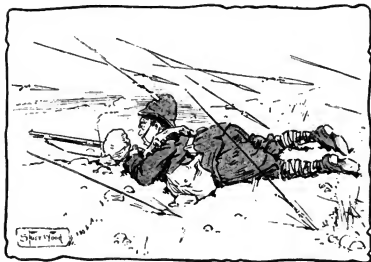
Although always amusing himself with his pencil, Mr. Wood underwent no regular training in art, and I should judge that his early efforts were inspired rather by the desire to express his ideas of humour than out of sheer love of drawing; by which I mean that he is essentially a humorist who discovered his medium to be the pencil or the brush. His first published drawing appeared in what I shall always consider one of the most brilliant comic papers London has ever seen—*Ariel*, edited by Mr. I. Zangwill. This was in 1892, and Mr. Zangwill is understood to have told his young contributor that he "had the humorous instinct, but had better learn to draw." He has been learning to

## Starr Wood



[*London Opinion.*

"Granny, would a man really die if he were frightened out of his life?"



[*The Regiment.*

"Would I were in an alehouse in London! I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety."—*Shakespeare.*

## Humorists of the Pencil

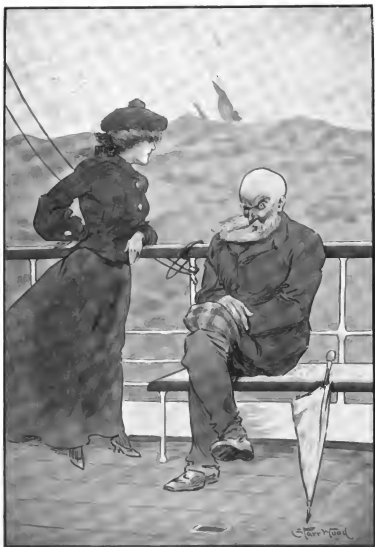
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draw, by simply drawing as well as he knows how, ever since. About the same time the halfpenny comic press came into existence, and although a person of any taste can have nothing but contempt for that, it is something to know that several of our most popular graphic humorists found in these cheaper periodicals a field wherein to practise their art to some financial profit. At all events, Mr. Starr Wood discovered that he could make a better living by drawing for "the halfpenny comics" than labouring in the accountant's office, and so in 1892 he became a professional worker in black and white.

To one with the true artistic instinct this field of work, though far from exacting, was in many ways a useful training-ground, and presently Mr. Wood was doing more ambitious work for *Fun*, *Judy*, *Moonshine*, *The Sketch*, and other illustrated weeklies, Mr. Punch opening his doors to him in August of 1898. In 1896 he published a book of very clever caricatures and amusing "limericks," under the title of "Rhymes of the Regiments," and in 1898 he took part in the publication of that high-class literary and art quarterly *The Windmill*, of which he was art editor.

His work can scarcely be said to show any strongly individual qualities, although it is usually marked by accurate and careful draughtsmanship, and an admirable appreciation of colour contrasts. In his figure subjects one can detect something of the influence of Phil May, but some of his work in black-and-white wash has more affinity with that of Mr. Tom Browne and Mr. John Hassal, though in neither case is there any suggestion of imitation. The faces of his figures are always full of character ; there





[*The Tatler.*

SHE (thinking to take his mind off): How restless the waves are, dad. They always seem to be clamouring for something.

DAD: Well, they won't get it if I can help it.

[*To face page 128.*



## Starr Wood

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is little or no exaggeration, and hardly ever an approach to caricature. Some of his examples in simple outline are eminently successful and he never fails to "make a picture," his ability in composition being unquestionable. He has also the knack of investing his figures with movement, and never produces a flat or unrealistic result. Mr. Starr Wood has moreover, and in a greater degree than most of his colleagues in humorous illustration, a very pretty touch in decorative drawing, some of the pictures of this kind, and especially the very effective cover which he contributed to *The Windmill*, being really excellent specimens of decorative art in black-and-white.

## XIX.

### A. Chantrey Corbould.



A. CHANTREY CORBOULD.  
(By himself.)

THIS well-known illustrator of the humours of the hunting-field is in the length of his experience almost among the veterans of the pencil, although he is still in the prime of life, having been born in Kensington (in which classic quarter of London he still lives) on July 13, 1852. But so long ago as 1872 he became one of "Mr. Punch's young men" and has thus thirty-three years of work to his credit.

Mr. A. Chantrey Corbould had family connections which told strongly in favour of his taking to the profession of art.

His father, the late Alfred Hitchens Corbould, was a portrait painter of some distinction, who also painted many pictures in which horses figured, as he had made a special and loving study of equine nature ; while his mother was a sister of the celebrated Charles S. Keene ; and here we have at once two of the influences on Mr. Corbould's work which account in some measure for the excellence of his "horsey" sketches and his humorous point of

## A. Chantrey Corbould

view. Although thus from earliest years in touch with artistic circles, he underwent no regular training and never attended any school of art, nor does it appear that he gave evidence of any artistic precocity. But he was only about seventeen years of age when he determined to become an artist, and his first drawing was published in a periodical which is unfailingly amusing though never consciously humorous—none other than the *Illustrated Police News*.



[*Punch*]

NATURAL INSTINCT.

"Wish you'd feed your horse before he comes out."

"Eh—why—hang it!—What do you mean?"

"He's always trying to eat my boots. Evidently thinks there's some chance of getting at a little corn!"

This was a humble enough beginning, but soon afterwards the young artist was drawing for *Fun*, then edited by Tom Hood, and, his uncle taking an interest in his work and helping him with valuable advice, he was presently introduced to *Punch*, where he made his first appearance in 1871. A letter written to him by Keene at this time is worth quoting for its personal interest in respect to both the uncle and the nephew:

## Humorists of the Pencil

" I saw your drawing this morning, and think it very good, considering the short time you have had to study art ; but I can see that the execution would render the drawing rather difficult to engrave, and you want a little more study and practice in ' the human face divine ' to please the newspaper people. I never give advice on these matters, but I can tell you from my own experience, I don't think drawing on wood is a good road to stand on as an artist ; but if you don't agree with me, and wish to go in for this particular branch, it seems to me that you should article or apprentice yourself by legal agreement with some engraver of large business for a certain time on certain terms. This is how I began, and have been sorry for it ever since ! "

Keene's reference to the undesirability of drawing on wood is explained perhaps by the fact that this necessitated the artist's making his picture exactly the reverse in every detail from what it was to appear when printed ; but for many years, until the invention of photo-etching, the great bulk of wood-engraving was produced in this awkward fashion, though photography was used to some extent in transferring a picture on to the wood for the engraver to cut. Young Corbould, at all events, did not take his uncle's advice in the matter of apprenticing himself to an engraver, but continued to draw on the wood with increasing craftsmanship for *Punch* and other journals.

Shirley Brooks was editor at the time of Mr. Corbould's introduction to the pages of our national humorist, and in Tom Taylor, who succeeded him, the artist found a firm friend who promised him the first vacant chair at the famous table. There

## A. Chantrey Corbould



THIS OPPORTUNITY.

[Pick-Me-Up.]

FIRST ARTIST: Yes, I am very anxious to get hold of the humorous side of the show—but, then, I can't do horses.

SECOND ARTIST: There's your point—there's where the humour 'll come in.

has always been a very important distinction in the ranks of Mr. Punch's artists: while many have been casual contributors or even regular members of the outside staff supplying drawings to every issue over a period of years, it is only a fortunate few that have attained to a seat at the board, the "holy of holies." Unfortunately for Mr. Corbould, Tom Taylor, who had encouraged him in many ways, died before he could make good his promise, and when Sir Francis Burnand came to the editorial chair the first coveted "place" was given to Mr. Harry Furniss.

It is thus that Mr. Corbould continued to be a copious contributor, though not of "cabinet rank." His most prolific

## Humorists of the Pencil

period of work lay between the years 1872 and 1892, and reviewing his contributions during that time Mr. Spielmann has said: "His work, dealing chiefly with hunting and 'horsey' subjects, has always a certain freshness, in spite of being, technically speaking, a little tight, and at one time raised their author to very near the front rank in popularity."

Personally, I consider that Mr. Corbould's technique is even superior to his humour. Occasionally he is apt to rely, to some extent at least, on the "legend" for expressing the point of his drawing, though I have seen many specimens of his work which, both in humorous conception and technical detail, were quite admirable, as, for example, the spirited drawing reproduced on the opposite page. He is unusually conscientious in the matter of detail and is painstaking to a degree in his efforts after accuracy. He conceives it to be the duty of the artist to supply for the benefit of future students reliable sketches of things seen in his time, and I remember his telling me that he had hunted in vain for the details of a carriage of the early eighteenth century among the work of contemporary artists, finding that in all the drawings he examined such carriages as were shown were partially obscured in clouds of dust, or when they were in full view they were utterly lacking in any distinctive details of "undercarriage," springs, and so forth.

Very early in his career Mr. Corbould began drawing for the *Illustrated London News* and the *Graphic*, and he has since then contributed to all the pictorial journals of any note. Although one is apt to identify him chiefly with sporting subjects, he disclaims being in any way a specialist. He is, indeed, a newspaper



## A. Chantrey Corbould



### FOOLS AND THEIR MONEY.

[Punch.

JONES (who has been having a fair bucketing for the last half-hour, as he passes friend, in his mad career): "I'd give a Fiver to get off this Brute!"

FRIEND (brutally): "Don't chuck your Money away, old Chap! You'll be off for less than that!"

## Humorists of the Pencil

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artist of the most versatile kind, having dealt with every conceivable subject in his time. So long ago as 1877 he illustrated the first story of John Strange Winter's, in *London Society*, and he has supplied the "cuts" for a number of books, notably Mrs. Power O'Donoghue's "Riding for Ladies."

## Charles Harrison.



CHARLES HARRISON.  
(By himself.)

THE humorous drawings of Mr. Charles Harrison bear no remote resemblance to those of the late Phil May or of Mr. Bernard Partridge, but he has this in common with these masters of black and white, that he has been in his time associated with the art of the stage as well as with that of the pencil. Mr. Harrison is a Londoner born and bred, and his family have been connected with the stage for two or three generations. At the age of ten he began to tread in the footsteps of his parents when he appeared as an imp in one of the pantomimes, and for some time he continued to be in frequent request as a "stage child," figuring on the boards with many celebrities. He recalls especially a dramatised version of "Oliver Twist" in which he appeared, notable for the remarkable cast it brought together—Henry Irving as Bill Sikes; J. L. Toole as the Artful Dodger;

## Humorists of the Pencil

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and Lionel Brough as a police officer. After some time he forsook the stage, and engaged for a few years in commercial life in the City ; but meanwhile his taste for art had been quickened by a course of lessons in freehand and model drawing—the only regular training he has ever received—and he quitted the City at length, with a hazy idea of adopting art as a profession.

He tells me that at first, as was only to be expected, he had a considerable struggle to make anything like headway ; for a time, indeed, he hovered between art and the drama, taking again to his first profession and playing a variety of parts with touring companies in the provinces for a year or two. Eventually he decided to depend entirely on his pencil for a livelihood ; not so much, I fancy, because the rewards of his artistic work were so liberal, as because those of a provincial actor were so meagre.

Mr. Harrison's real beginning as a humorous artist was somewhat unusual, his first sketches being published in a suburban comic paper run by a local printer and himself, for which he also supplied the literary matter—"such as it was." Presently, however, he was engaged by a well-known firm of publishers to illustrate a series of children's books, the subjects being old nursery rhymes and jingles, and his pictures for these were excellent examples of spirited and humorous illustration in flat colours. About the same time he also began to draw for several of the many illustrated papers issued by Mr. James Henderson, of Red Lion House, and was ultimately appointed to the staff of *Funny Folks*, a really good comic journal which Mr. Henderson ran for several years.

It was in the pages of that paper that I made my first

Charles Harrison



"POPPING THE QUESTION": The Japanese Style.

[The Sketch.]

## Humorists of the Pencil

acquaintance with Mr. Harrison's work, which, during the last ten or twelve years must have become familiar to a very wide circle of readers, as none of our numerous artists have been more liberally represented in the pictorial press than he has been—not even Mr. Tom Browne. I remember several coloured cartoons by him appearing in the now extinct *St. Stephen's Review* at a time when the late Phil May, then practically unknown to the general public, was contributing to the same publication some of the best black and white sketches he ever did.

Perhaps the most important connection Mr. Harrison has ever formed began in 1893, when he joined the staff of *Cassell's Saturday Journal*, and soon became responsible for a fortnightly page of humorous pictures in that favourite weekly. This work he still continues, and, together with his contributions to other journals issued by the same house, it occupies a considerable portion of his time. But, as I have said, his pencil is in evidence in a great variety of papers, from *Punch* to the *Daily Mail*, many good examples of his work having appeared in the distinguished pages of the former since 1895.

Although he is extremely fertile in inventing ideas and jokes suitable for humorous illustration, the editor of *Punch* occasionally supplies him with a suggestion for a picture likely to fit in with his own peculiar style. In the thousandth number of *Cassell's Saturday Journal* Mr. Harrison told the readers something of his methods. "Some of my best ideas," he said, "have occurred to me in a train or 'bus as I have been coming home from the theatre. An umbrella in a hat-stand has provided me with a groundwork for a series of sketches—the autobiography of an

## Charles Harrison



"POPPING THE QUESTION": The Rustic Style.

[The Sketch.]

## Humorists of the Pencil

umbrella : its birth in high-class circles, its end in obscurity and distress. I find that shop-windows, a large store, a tea-shop, the front at Brighton, suggest ideas which are workable, or, rather, the characters you meet at such places help in planning out a page."

Although Mr. Harrison has done a great many pictures for such carefully-produced papers as the *New York Judge*, the *Sketch*, and *Punch*, in which it is possible for the artist to employ finer lines than can be reproduced in rapidly-printed journals, I incline to think that his long experience in illustrating periodicals which require very simple outline has, to a considerable extent, conditioned his whole work. As his pencil is in great request, he has often reached home late at night to find a messenger waiting with instructions for a picture to be delivered the next morning, and such a commission, naturally, would leave scant time for elaborate workmanship. But working thus under journalistic pressure and for rapidly-printed papers, he has developed a remarkable facility for simple and effective outlines, and although his drawings are essentially mannered in their style, that style is entirely his own. They contain also abundant evidence that he is a shrewd observer and faithful interpreter of the lighter side of life.

He possesses, I am sure, considerable powers of caricature, and anything of a quaint or semi-grotesque nature seems to appeal to his taste more readily than a purely social or incidental subject. Some of his most successful contributions to *Punch* have been quaintly humorous parodies of Chinese, Japanese, and Egyptian styles of art, in which his command of expressive line and decorative blacks is seen to great advantage.



## C. L. Pott.



C. L. POTT.  
(By himself.)

MR. C. L. POTT, who first came into notice as a regular contributor of mirthful illustrations by his fortnightly pages in *Cassell's Saturday Journal* some eleven years ago, is one of the many humorists in black and white who have graduated from the brush and palette. He was born in South Hampstead, January 9, 1865, and is a son of the late Laslett J. Pott, well known in his day as a painter of *genre* and historical subjects, and an exhibitor at the Royal Academy for more than a quarter of a century. Naturally he showed some

## Humorists of the Pencil

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taste for art from his earliest years, and as a youngster his efforts were numerous and varied, but he tells me that although the usual fond relatives—chiefly of the female sex—saw infinite promise in these juvenilia, he has examined some that have survived in his years of discretion, and fails to find in them the slightest trace of ability.

Drawing was, however, his chief hobby, and at the boarding school to which he was first sent his productions took the form of comic sketches to Virgil, and a humorous impulse characterised most of the youthful pencillings which he continued while at school in Germany and elsewhere. Oddly enough, his father did not wish him to adopt art as a profession, and he was sent to business in the City on completing his education; but as this had no attractions for him, and his inclination to art was only increased thereby, he became a pupil at Calderon's celebrated art school in St. John's Wood, and after a course of study there, set up as a painter. He worked chiefly in landscape, painting from nature during the summer and autumn, and sharing his father's studio for the rest of the year. Thus he continued for several years, until in 1887, and almost by chance, he began to turn his attention to work for the Press.

An old model, who was at that time sitting to Mr. Laslett Pott for the picture of a highwayman examining his pistols, seemed to the young artist a good subject for a sketch in black-and-white wash. He made a study of him, and this led to expanding the idea into a series, with the highwayman as the centre picture, which he submitted to the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News* for a "composite page." He had the pleasure of seeing his work



THE EPIDEMIC DURING THE ROMAN PERIOD.  
From a rare old mural decoration (*Pompeii*).

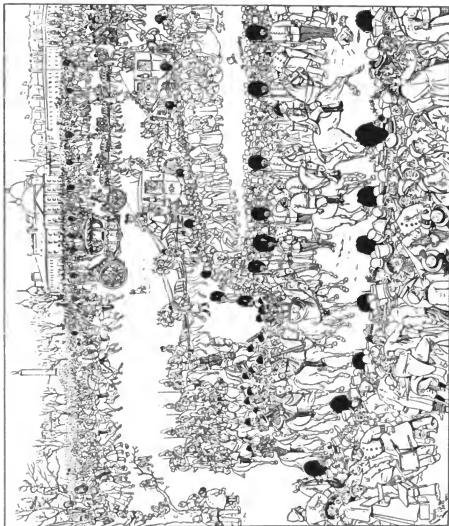
[Pompeii]

## Humorists of the Pencil

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meet with ready acceptance in that quarter, and the page appeared cut on wood, the only example of his work which has ever been reproduced by that method. Before this he had made an effort to gain admission to the distinguished pages of the *Graphic*, and although he failed to reach its standard at the early stage of his career, he has very grateful memory of the kindness extended to him by the late W. L. Thomas, who took the trouble to write him a letter of invaluable advice and encouragement. Thus he "went through the mill," as many another has had to do, and no reverses served to damp his ardour. He had the good sense to fly at high game, but not to ignore the small, and while working for many a little paper, he temerarily approached the shrine of Mr. Punch. In a letter to me he remarks: "I had the audacity to think at that time that Mr. Punch would jump at my contributions; but he didn't. And having concluded that my efforts were quite unacceptable to appear in his high-class pages, it was nearly twenty years before I came to think that I was sufficiently advanced in my art to approach *Punch* once again."

When Mr. Pott had arrived at this decision, many years of excellent work lay to his credit, and he is now a frequent contributor to the great comic journal, some really admirable examples of humorous illustration from his pencil having appeared in its pages. We note in his work a remarkable command of simple outline, recalling somewhat the manner of "Dicky" Doyle, in which there is no attempt whatever to reproduce the colour values of black and white. His drawing is always good; the attitudes of his figures lively, full of movement; the features touched with character and humour; while



[Punch.]

“THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT: THE OUTSIDE SHOW.”

## Humorists of the Pencil

his ability to dispose of a large number of figures in one picture without any suggestion of overcrowding is quite unusual. He has a shrewd sense of humour, and does not require to rely to any great extent on the aid of letterpress to express his meaning or produce the comic result. His chief regular work still continues to be seen in the pages of *Cassell's Saturday Journal*, but his pencil is so busy in many quarters that he has long since abandoned painting, except as a recreation, which he finds a welcome relief from the strain of black and white—or, as he puts it, "I like to rejoice in colour occasionally."

In the work of most of our graphic humorists we may always detect some personal predilection of the artist asserting itself. In the case of Mr. Pott, one finds that a large number of his most successful pages illustrate the humours of volunteering. This is accounted for by the fact that citizen soldiership has long been his hobby. In connection with Mr. Pott's numerous military sketches, a curious coincidence falls to be recorded. A correspondent of *Cassell's Saturday Journal* wrote to the editor as follows: "Do you know that nearly every week you publish an excellent likeness of a chief of one of the War Office departments, and, stranger still, of his better half? Of course, I mean in your caricature page." As Mr. Pott remarks, it is not uncommon for people to make discoveries of this kind. "If you do a group of figures from imagination—a lot of types—somebody will pick out one and say, 'There's old So-and-So.'" The case mentioned, however, is somewhat unusual, and I need scarcely add that the likenesses for which Mr. Pott was responsible, were purely accidental, as well as their repetition.

## Charles Pears.



CHARLES PEARS.  
(By himself.)

THIRTY-TWO years of age last September and only eight years in London, Mr. Charles Pears is obviously to be classed among the younger generation of our graphic humorists. He is also one of the most successful. Unlike the beginning of that more famous Yorkshireman, Phil May, his early days of struggle were short and not too trying; success came quickly to him when he ventured to the capital.

Mr. Pears was born at the historic town of Pontefract, and educated at East Hardwick and Pontefract College. He confesses, with a clarity of memory which quite eclipses that of John Ruskin and his babyhood, that he began to draw at the age of two. These early efforts, we may suppose, were mural, and executed, doubtless, in chalk. Or did his juvenile exploits resemble those of Artemus Ward? "I could draw on wood at a very tender age. When a mere child, I once drew a small

## Humorists of the Pencil

cartload of raw turnips over a wooden bridge." Whether, like poor Artemus, he had an uncle who took photographs, deponent saith not ; but he had a father who was something of an artist—in an amateur way—and thus, from his earliest years he has been " more or less mixed up with art and artists." He was certainly an enthusiastic young draughtsman, and as a great part of his boyhood and youth was spent in the open-air world, he was constantly studying nature, pencil in hand ; indeed, to quite an unusual degree were his juvenile studies made direct from the face of his native Yorkshire. Portrait-painting was one of his first loves, and at fourteen he carried off a prize offered by a boy's paper for examples of original work in portraiture. He seems to have gone ahead from his school days with the fixed intention of devoting himself to the life of art, and underwent a regular course of training, during which he won several studio competitions.

Mr. Pears' career as an artist in black and white may be said to have begun only ten years ago, when he joined the staff of the *Yorkshireman*, one of those local pictorial papers to which I made some reference in a previous chapter. His work for this bright little Bradford weekly was, naturally, paid for at very low terms ; but it was a beginning, and for that reason, invaluable to him, as the artist, like the rest of us, must not despise the day of small things. Theatrical sketches were required of him, and many of these he supplied, very similar in style to the long series he started a few years later in *Pick-Me-Up*. While still in Yorkshire, Mr. Pears sent his wares to certain London journals, and had gained admission to the pages of *The Idler*, the *Yellow*





[Black and White.]

A SON OF HIS FATHER.

HENRY: "Ma; I dreamt last night that Pa was a crocodile, and he was eating you up. It was a nice dream."

## Humorists of the Pencil

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*Book*, the amusing weekly just mentioned, and other papers before, in 1897, he decided to try his luck in this broth-pot of brains.

The wisdom of his critical move was presently ratified by his appearance in *Punch*, and the year after he "came to town" he became the theatrical caricaturist of *Pick-Me-Up* in succession to Mr. Raven-Hill. He continued to illustrate "Jingle's" well-known contribution to that paper until 1902. During that time Mr. Pears must have made sketches of every stage celebrity in London, and I have before me an excellent collection of his drawings, "*Men : Drawn and Rhymed About*," published in 1902 by *Black and White*, which contains a hundred of these "theatrical caricatures." Mr. Pears himself is responsible for this description, and I think that it is not unwarranted, as these sketches do contain a considerable element of true caricature, though many of them are purely portraits, deriving their humour from the make-up of the persons portrayed, and not from the artist's point of view. But most of them possess that subtle touch of exaggeration which invests the whole sketch with the quality of a caricature ; yet the essential portrait is always preserved. Nay, those vivid caricatures of Arthur Roberts, Dan Leno, Mrs. Brown-Potter, Herbert Waring, and the rest, give a far better impression of the character each actor assumed than any photograph could possibly give.

There are two manners displayed in the line work of Mr. Pears. He is not always his unalloyed self. I suppose he would readily admit that he has come under the influence of Phil May. But who of the younger men has not ? Some of his sketches have very



[Punch.]

IT IS THE UNEXPECTED THAT HAPPENS.

DEAR OLD GENT (to himself): "I've not had a rise all day; but now —"

## Humorists of the Pencil

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similar qualities of line to those of the most brilliant draughtsman of our time. These are marked by graceful and suggestive curves and expressive notes of black, and, unsigned, they would puzzle an expert to recognise them as the work of Mr. Pears. His most characteristic drawings possess a quaint angularity of line which makes them strongly individual and unlike the work of any other artist. I fancy that he is gradually breaking away from this style and becoming more conventionalised. But in all that he has done there is a high sense of humour and artistic expression. His versatility is remarkable, and in portraiture he has given us some admirable work. The numerous portraits in wash reproduced in "Men" are extremely well done, full of character and restraint. This seems to be a branch of art for which he has a particular fancy, as he is now engaged in painting portraits in oils. When Mr. Punch came into line with modern advertising at Christmas of 1902, Mr. Pears supplied the striking poster in flat colours, showing Mr. Punch "blowing his own trumpet."

Although he has sketched for almost every illustrated paper of any importance, perhaps he is best represented by his work for *Punch*, where his signature is frequently to be seen, and by his very successful books for children issued from the office of that journal. "Mr. Punch's Book for Children" was a happy inspiration, and here we meet Mr. Pears as "artist and author too." Frankly, I do not value his literary work so highly as his art; but about the latter there can be no question, and this book alone is enough to give him a reputation. All the drawings have a remarkable dexterity of line, and some of them reproduced in

## Charles Pears

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two colours are little masterpieces of their kind. In "Mr. Punch's New Book for Children" he repeated his success, and also illustrated "Toby and his little dog Tan," by Mr. Gilbert James, by which token I imagine him to be especially interested in children. His little son Tommy—for Mr. Pears is married, and lives at Bedford Park—who is about six years of age, has innocently inspired not a few of his illustrated jokes and figures in many of his drawings. "Writing light verse, principally for children" is the only hobby, other than yachting and cycling, to which he subscribes.

XXIII.

Hilda Cowham.



HILDA COWHAM.  
(By herself.)

THERE is a general opinion among men that women have no sense of humour, or at least that the faculty is with them in a state of arrested development. Certainly the women who, either by pen or pencil, have contributed to our amusement, are extremely few, and to find one with something like an adequate sense of the ludicrous is to discover a phenomenon. Although the sex occupies no mean place among the black-and-white artists of to-day and much admirable work is produced by

draughtswomen, the fingers of one hand would suffice to number all those who might truly be described as humorous artists. When one has named Hilda Cowham, Edith Farmiloe, Florence K. Upton,



*[From an unpublished drawing by Hilda Cowham]*

FASTIDIOUS, EH?

AUNT: I'm afraid you don't like your present, Jacky. Why, what's the matter with it?

JACKY: Oh, auntie, I didn't want a horse like that. I wanted a real live one, made of cats' meat, you know.

*[To face page 156.]*





## Hilda Cowham

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Rosamund Praeger, and Alice B. Woodward, the list is practically complete, and it is to be noted that nearly all these ladies confine their efforts to illustrating the humorous side of child-life.

Undoubtedly the most popular, and by far the most ingenious, of the group is Miss Hilda Cowham, who has been described by one art critic as "our only petticoated humorist." The work of this singularly gifted lady must be familiar to a very wide public of newspaper readers, for she has rivalled even Mr. Tom Browne in the widespread diffusion of her sketches through the pictorial Press. There is hardly an illustrated paper in the country which, during the last few years, has not published some of her drawings. In this regard alone the epithet I have quoted is entirely justified, for Miss Cowham has won her way to success on the original qualities of her work in competition with that of our masculine humorists and by no editorial concessions to feminine airs and graces.

Her career has been as unique in its way as her work is individual and unlike that of any of her contemporaries. If there is another artist whose manner is occasionally suggested by her drawings, that is Mr. Dudley Hardy, and the resemblance is at times both in spirit and style, many of her sketches showing that gay and somewhat Frenchified vision of life and the same happy abandon of quick, suggestive line which we associate with the artist I have named. But Miss Cowham has ever been so true to herself that none is less open than she to the charge of imitation. Indeed, such initial difficulties as she had to encounter arose from this very fact ; her work was so different from that of any other lady artist, her humour so fresh and piquant, that many editors,

## Humorists of the Pencil

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who, for all their pretended thirst for originality, are usually creatures of convention, were chary of publishing her clever but unorthodox sketches. But the young lady remained true to her original inspiration, "insisted on herself," and soon success of the most brilliant kind rewarded her faithfulness.

Born at Westminster and so educated that her bright native character was allowed to develop towards its own bent, Miss Cowham began scribbling her funny little figures almost as soon as she could hold a pencil, but in due time she underwent a regular and ample course of training at Wimbledon Art School, where, under Mr. Alfred Drury, A.R.A., she studied modelling, and at the Lambeth School of Art, where she won a scholarship for two years. Despite the editorial prejudice, to which I have referred, Miss Cowham has no reason to complain of lack of encouragement when she set out to win a reputation by her brush—for in her case the title "humorist of the pencil" is only justified in the technical sense that artists call the camel-hair brush a "pencil," every line of her drawings in their finest details being achieved by the brush.

It happened that the editor of the *Studio* offered a prize for a drawing in black and white and the young art scholar from Lambeth had the good fortune to carry it off. This first published drawing proved a veritable "open sesame" to some of the best periodicals in London, the editor of the *Queen* on seeing it having asked Miss Cowham to supply him with a full page drawing, and then came Mr. Shorter with a similar commission for the *Sketch*, and *Pick-Me-Up* was soon giving frequent examples of her work. She is one of the very few draughtswomen whose



[From an unpublished drawing by Hilda Cowham.

#### THE INFANT TERRIBLE.

DEAR MAMMA! So that's another of your aunts married. Eveline: Perhaps, some day, when you're old enough, and if you're a good girl, you'll get married too.

EVELINE (referring to present company): But what about aunt Dinah? She's not married. Isn't she old enough or isn't she good enough?

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## Hilda Cowham

work has ever been admitted to the select pages of Mr. Punch.

Miss Cowham has the essential characteristic of all truly original and fearless workers : a splendid confidence in her own powers and no finicking dread of over-production. With exhaustless ingenuity she has produced, and is continually producing, an enormous number of sketches ; perhaps of varying quality, but always charged with her own delightful personality and showing effective command of simple but expressive line, her work often touching a point which, considered in its own class, it would be difficult to advance upon. I do not suggest that her humour is invariably at the highest level, but where is the humorist who sends every shaft to the mark ?

Although she has devoted herself chiefly to the comic side of juvenile life, her jaunty youngsters are as a rule treated from an adult point of view and in a way that almost approaches caricature, rather than interpreting the actualities of child-life on its unconsciously humorous side. But I believe she possesses abundant evidence that her work often appeals as strongly to the youngsters themselves as to us grown-ups who find in the little folk and their odd ways much that is of the best in the humours of real life.

To the student of art it must be perfectly obvious from the splendid colour sense of her black-and-white drawings that Miss Cowham is a genuine colourist, and it is no surprise to be told she is so fond of working in flat colours that a great many of her drawings which are reproduced in black and white only have, for the artistic pleasure of the worker, been executed in colour.

## Humorists of the Pencil

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But fortunately, when editorial economy has not barred the way, we have had many charming reproductions of her sketches in colour. I have spoken throughout of this gifted artist as Miss Hilda Cowham, but in private life she is known as Mrs. Edgar Lander, her husband also being a well-known black-and-white artist.







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